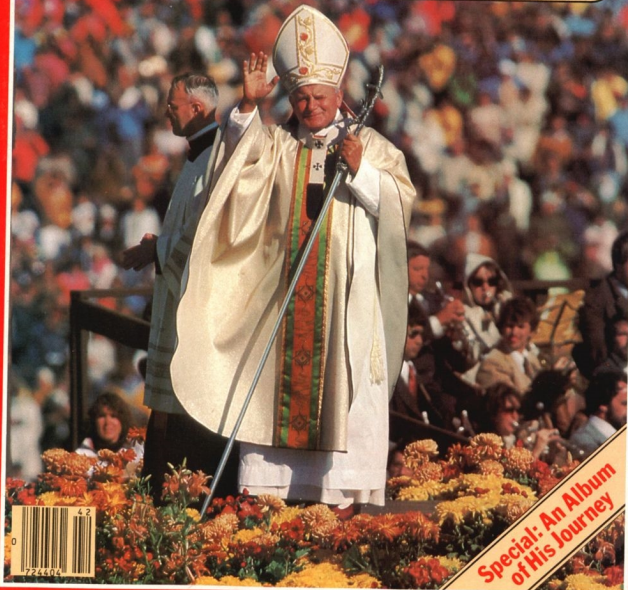


OCTOBER 15, 1979

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TIME

JOHN PAUL, SUPERSTAR



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of His Journey**



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Lesabre.

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EPA EST MPG	EST HWY	EST DRIVING RANGE	EST HWY RANGE
20	27	362	488

The New Electra. The first and only traditional American luxury car powered by a V-6 engine. The "4.1" is an engine of remarkable efficiency, as shown below.

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EPA EST MPG	EST HWY	EST DRIVING RANGE	EST HWY RANGE
17	23	425	575

The New LeSabre. It's lighter, and more aerodynamic than last year's LeSabre. Without giving up its six-passenger room. And the more logical we made it, the better looking it got.

EPA EST MPG	EST HWY	EST DRIVING RANGE	EST HWY RANGE
18	24	450	600

The New Riviera. An automobile so incredible that people who could buy almost any car in the world, are driving Rivieras.

EPA EST MPG	EST HWY	EST DRIVING RANGE	EST HWY RANGE
15	22	315	462

The New Regal. The Regal is one of the most popular Buicks ever. In fact, at this writing, it is one of the 10 best selling cars in America.

EPA EST MPG	EST HWY	EST DRIVING RANGE	EST HWY RANGE
20	27	362	488

The New Skyhawk. It took off five years ago, and it's still flying high. Because it's still a lot of fun. And a lot of function.

EPA EST MPG	EST HWY	EST DRIVING RANGE	EST HWY RANGE
15	24	277	444

The New Skylark. Last April, we summed up this remarkable front-wheel-drive package by noting that it just might be the perfect car for you. And judging by sales figures, it seems a lot of you are very much in agreement.

EPA EST MPG	EST HWY	EST DRIVING RANGE	EST HWY RANGE
24	38	336	532

The New Electra Estate Wagon. Luxurious, elegant, and prestigious as an Electra. But with 87.9 cubic feet of cargo capacity. Its list of standard

equipment is impressive, and includes the "4.9 liter V-8. And among the options available to you, here again, in 1980, you'll find the 5.7 liter diesel V-8. (Diesel engine not available in California at time of printing. See your dealer for availability.)

Does all this make you think that in 1980, buying or leasing a Buick might be a very good idea?

Well, you aren't alone. In fact, you have some friends at Buick who think exactly the same way.



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Remember: Compare the boxed estimates to the estimated MPG of other cars. You may get different mileage and range depending on your speed, trip length and weather. Estimated mileage and range will be less in heavy city traffic. Your actual highway mileage and range will probably be less than the highway estimates. Estimated driving range based on EPA-estimated MPG rating and highway estimates. These range estimates are obtained by multiplying fuel tank capacity by the EPA and highway estimates. Estimates lower in California. *Not available in California.

Buicks are equipped with GM-built engines supplied by various divisions. See your dealer for details.

A Letter from the Publisher

The throng inside the U.N. was pressing against the blue metallic railings. Out front, members of the press corps were clamoring for the Pope's attention. "Say something to him in Polish," a newsman advised, so TIME Religion Reporter-Researcher John Kohan shouted "Niech żyje!" the traditional wish for long life. Sure enough, the radiant white figure acknowledged the salutation and began to approach him. "Niech żyje!" repeated Kohan, who speaks both Polish and Russian, and, he recalls, "a U.N. security guard came at me thinking I was screaming obscenities." Kohan quickly explained his meaning to the guard, but too late. The Pontiff had moved on.

Close encounters with John Paul II and frequent run-ins with his zealous protectors were the mixed blessings of reporting for this week's 21-page special report on the Pope's historic visit to the U.S. TIME assigned 20 correspondents and stringers to back up the firsthand accounts of Rome Bureau Chief Wilton Wynn, who traveled on the Pontiff's plane from Italy to Ireland and around the U.S.

Getting near John Paul was often a problem for more than 35 photographers who took pictures for the special report. Picture Editor Arnold Drapkin and his staff arranged ac-

creditation for photographers with the Secret Service, the Vatican and individual archdioceses along the Pope's route, negotiating for ladders and scaffolding in strategic spots and, in the final days, installing remote-control cameras in vantage points off limits to the photographers themselves. It was, says Drapkin, "undoubtedly the biggest picture effort of the year."

And worth it, according to Staff Photographer Neil Leifer, who followed the Pope in four U.S. cities and Ireland. John Paul's unpredictable and expressive gestures—reaching into a crowd, picking up a baby—would have been "inconceivable" for Pope Paul VI, notes Leifer, who covered that Pontiff's U.N. visit in 1965. The Polish Pope, says Leifer, "has visual charisma and all the right moves. He kisses the ground as soon as he lands. There's the first picture!" But like his note-taking colleagues on the assignment, Leifer was often thwarted by overprotective police, impenetrable crowds and uncooperative weather. Finally the sun broke through as His Holiness climbed the flower-strewn altar at Living History Farms, Iowa, and from a crowded position farther away than he would have liked, Leifer captured the majestic image on this week's cover.



Neil Leifer returning from Iowa

John a. Meyers

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Cover: Photograph by Neil Leifer.



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43 **Nation:** President Carter defuses his Cuba crisis, but may have lost some SALT votes. ▶ Supporters of Carter and Kennedy make much ado about nothing in Florida. ▶ Juanita Kreps resigns from the Cabinet.



66 **Kissinger, Part 3:** Crises over Jordan and the Indian subcontinent. Thoughts on the statesman's craft. A philosophy for policymakers. All in the final installment of Henry Kissinger's memoirs. See SPECIAL SECTION.

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An era ends as the U.S. quits the Panama Canal Zone. ▶ Leftists shake Britain's Labor Party. ▶ Second thoughts in China about Mao. ▶ For Jesse Jackson in the Middle East, Chicago was never like this. ▶ "Adapt or die," says South Africa's Botha. ▶ Echoes of Cuba's Soviet bridge off Japan.

36 Essay

Despite the welcome that the U.S. gave the Pope, some fear that the old American prejudice of anti-Catholicism is back.

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Pittsburgh's fun-loving Pirates get serious with the Cincinnati Reds and sweep the National League playoff.

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Denver finds teen-age juries can handle juvenile cases. ▶ A Los Angeles judge finds video recorders legal for home use.

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Economy & Business A smaller world role for the battered dollar? ▶ The rush to tangibles. ▶ Why companies can't keep employees "whole."

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The Green Ripper is Travis McGee's most colorful caper. ▶ *Zebra* is a mystery that gets murder down in black and white.

88 Cinema

In "10," Writer-Director Blake Edwards mars an otherwise sparkling comedy by trying to get serious about sex.

115 Science

In China these days, science and technology are suddenly in, as Peking orders up a New Long March to catch the West.

95 Art

A Toulouse-Lautrec retrospective in Chicago draws attention where attention should go—to the work, not the myth.

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Letters

The "Big P"

To the Editors:

I felt stimulated on seeing the face of Luciano Pavarotti on your cover (Sept. 24). He is not to be compared with other greats: he stands magnificently apart!

Joan C. Correll
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Luciano Pavarotti is the finest operatic tenor since Jussi Bjorling, if not since the legendary Enrico Caruso. Ah, but you have to hear Pavarotti in concert. When all 300 lbs. of him were here in our lovely Music Hall, the city fathers were concerned that the stomping of those in the balconies might cause the balconies to collapse.

Eugene E. Scanlan
Cincinnati



Pavarotti is a giver. His generosity and sincerity shine in every note. His desire to reach his audience is palpable. Long may he share his voice with a world yearning for sweetness and beauty.

Katherine Eshleman
Lafayette, Calif.

Luciano Pavarotti is the fourth greatest musickmaker of all times: 1) Apollo, 2) Orpheus, 3) Caruso, 4) Pavarotti.

Joseph T. Kelly
New Orleans

There can be little argument concerning the greatness of the Pavarotti talent. TIME is to be commended for honoring it. It is a shame that in the process equally great artists such as Renata Scott, Plácido Domingo and Jon Vickers, whose artistry differs, were so cavalierly dismissed.

Steven L. Herralde
New York City

I am a fervent admirer of Signor Pavarotti's voice and technique, but I find it unfortunate that you referred to Renata Scott in such a negative manner. In the televised *La Gioconda*, Scott, singing

magically, was the full embodiment of opera as drama, intense, heart-breaking and constantly exciting.

Kemal Khan
Falls Church, Va.

Your unqualified endorsement of the outrageous three-ring circus known as Luciano Pavarotti makes a mockery of opera as art.

Murray Schlanger
New York City

Marcos' Law

TIME has rendered the cause of Philippine freedom a splendid service (Sept. 24). It is now clear that Ferdinand Marcos' latest excuse—economic crisis—for continuing martial law is the product of his own government's corruption and mismanagement. Meanwhile, as with the Shah and Somoza, the U.S. will continue to support Marcos until the moderate opposition is incapable of administering a peaceful and orderly transition back to democracy. When will the U.S. learn?

Raul S. Manglapus, President
Movement for a Free Philippines
Washington, D.C.

As a Filipino from Negros Occidental, I can personally attest to the outrageous atrocities committed by the Marcos regime upon the Filipino people. Marked by graft and corruption, the terror imposed by Marcos will continue unabated until the U.S. decides to step in and put its "human rights" policy into practice.

Julie Londres Daley
Oak Harbor, Wash.

I am afraid that Marcos is as much a victim of circumstances beyond his control as are the majority of the Filipino people. If he relaxes his martial rule, his enemies will be out to get him. If he maintains the so-called democratic authoritarianism, his enemies will still try to liquidate him.

Eugenio V. Corazo
Granada Hills, Calif.

In terms of human suffering, give me Marcos' martial law rather than the deadly peace enjoyed by Kampuchians and Laotians and the clean mass drownings of Vietnamese leaving the incorruptible Communist state.

Ian Wolf
Melbourne, Australia

Let the Seniors Work

The pension bomb [Sept. 24] need not go off. Defusing is simple: require potentially productive people to produce. A healthy 70- or 75-year-old voluntarily living on a pension financed for the most part by today's productive workers is living on welfare. Jobs must be restructured to take seniors into account, and jobs must

be available for seniors. If a person freely chooses leisure, he should not expect the productive working force to pay for it.

William N. Thompson
Kalamazoo, Mich.

So our pension funds are running low, eh? I had better not plan on retiring until the day I die.

John P. McGrath
West Seneca, N.Y.

Black Brains

In your story about Arthur Jensen's conclusion that blacks score lower on IQ tests than whites [Sept. 24], you say "Jensen's findings clearly have horrendous implications." This is not at all true. Although the entire black population may (if Jensen's findings are correct) have a lower average IQ than the white population, a given black person may have a higher IQ than a given white person. Thus one cannot say that all blacks are less intelligent than all whites. Jensen's findings, regardless of their validity (and it may not be worthwhile spending time to disprove them), are no excuse for racial discrimination.

Richard G. Weiss
New York City

Come on, Mr. Jensen! Quit tossing stumbling blocks and do something constructive. Give blacks a chance, a few generations of good education, healthy diets and the knowledge that the best will get commensurate employment (regardless of race), and then do your research.

Louis N. Clay
Detroit

It should not surprise any open-minded scientist that what we measure as IQ might have a genetic distribution similar to that found for other traits. The real problem lies in placing value judgments on the presence or absence of a particular trait. Who can really say which human characteristics will prove most advantageous to mankind over the evolutionary scale of time?

Steve Yeagle
Baltimore

Jensen's studies of IQ may or may not be valid; however, TIME's allusion to the Jews as being the smartest race on earth completely contradicts basic scientific knowledge. The Jews are not a race but are one of the world's myriad religions. Indeed, Judaism includes in its numbers individuals of many different races, including black, Oriental and Caucasian.

Lawrence D. Freedman, M.D.
Newport Beach, Calif.

Unfriendly Skies

Your article on Air New England [Sept. 24] is a subject close to my heart. The phrase cavalier attitude is one that I

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"Once in a while, a young writer sees himself, his friends and his parents with a remarkable good-natured brilliance. When that happens it is lovely to read and brings back the gaiety that maybe we once had. Jacob Epstein's *Wild Oats* is such a book."—Lillian Hellman

"Jacob Epstein has that rarest of commodities, a sense of humor, and in *Wild Oats* he uses it to calibrate every nuance with deadpan and wickedly funny accuracy."—John Gregory Dunne

"A complete pleasure, funny and insightful."—Diane Johnson

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Wild Oats

a novel by Jacob Epstein

Letters

have used in reference to the several ticket agents it has been my misfortune to deal with. Indeed, I have seen people so angry that they seemed ready to punch the agent. I have been told by a snotty agent to "take another airline" if I didn't like the way they did things, while I overheard another agent say that she didn't "give a damn" if my bag was on the plane or not. Good God! They ought to pay us for flying with them.

Peter B. Mersky
Reston, Va.

My husband is a "regular" summer weekend commuter—regularly late. We fondly refer to the airline as "Scare New England."

Suzanne H. Kraft
Pittsburgh

You fail to mention the improvements in Air New England since 1970. I can remember flying reconditioned World War II DC-3s and hoping I would get to Cape Cod on the same day I took off. These conditions no longer exist, except in the case of fog, and if there is a delay at least it is on a much more comfortable plane.

Peni Markowitz
Briarcliff Manor, N.Y.

Strategic Positions

The Americans negotiate, the Soviets act. These are the strategic positions of the two world powers at the moment. The presence of the Soviets in Cuba [Sept. 17] is downgraded by the White House. Carter intends to solve the problem diplomatically. But what the Americans want to show as sensitive diplomacy looks weak and planless to Europeans.

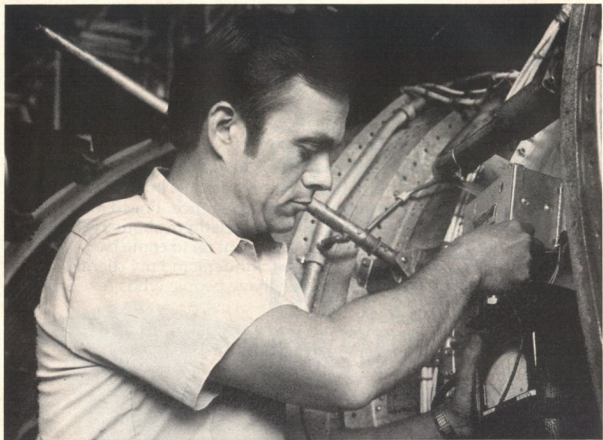
Michael C. Bauer
Kronberg, West Germany

Terrorists or Heroes?

TIME's article on the freeing of the four Puerto Rican Nationalists [Sept. 17] twice referred to them as "terrorists." The Nationalists were received in Puerto Rico as what they are: first-class heroes of a great historical cause. True terrorists cause meaningless death and destruction, and hide as they commit their acts. The Nationalists were willing to give their lives, and committed their revolutionary acts for the whole world to see.

Jorge Toro
Cabo Rojo, Puerto Rico

According to your article, freeing the Nationalists "could help Carter politically among Hispanic voters in both Puerto Rico and the U.S." The real issue should not have been the possible political benefit for President Carter, but the fact that by keeping Puerto Rico a colony, the U.S. is internationally considered an imperialistic power. It is not only a matter of freeing four Puerto Rican Na-



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Bob Johnson

—Robert Johnson
Independent Insurance Agent
Landreth, McGrew & Johnson
Lawrence, Kansas

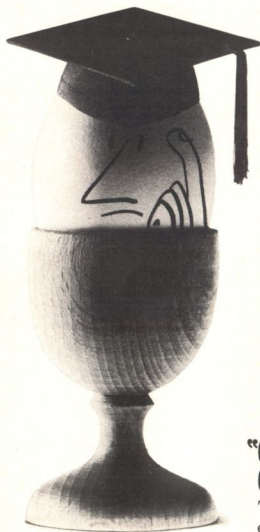


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Letters

tionalists but of freeing all Puerto Rico, of recognizing Puerto Rico as a sovereign nation.

*Eladio Rodriguez-Marxuach
Cambridge, Mass.*

The Seberg Case

About the FBI's attempts to discredit with a planted rumor Actress Jean Seberg [Sept. 24]: How many more outrages and assaults on decency approved by the late director of the FBI must be revealed before we decide as a nation that the FBI temple in Washington needs to be renamed? The name J. Edgar Hoover has become synonymous with slander, intrigue, pettiness and uncivility.

*Ted M. Benson
Colorado Springs, Colo.*

Regardless of what the FBI did in the Jean Seberg case, as a champion and admirer of the Black Panther cause, why should she have felt disturbed, distressed or discredited? That is racist thinking, and if I were black I would feel insulted.

*Grayce Torosian
Johnson City, N.Y.*

Pass the Salt

Reader Paul W. Capor [Sept. 10] has a good sense of humor. He sees the oil that has been hitting U.S. beaches because of the accident in the Mexican well as a gift. We Mexicans, however, haven't felt that way about the salt the U.S. has sent us for years, day after day, in the water of the Colorado River. We haven't even been lucky enough to scrape it off our valley.

*Susana Castellanos
Guadalajara, Mexico*

Ansel and the Duke

As the German consul for cultural relations in San Francisco in 1968, I asked Ansel Adams [Sept. 3] if he would like to make an artistic tour of West Germany as a guest of the federal government. His answer was remarkable and convincing: "I have never left the U.S. except for a glimpse over the Mexican and Canadian fences. I have done that only because the nature, the landscape is the same on both sides of the frontier. I am afraid to visit Europe, to see all your ancient towns, all your fairy-tale castles because, as I understand, all the landscape in Europe is converted into overcultured scenery. I'll never be the same after such a trip. I might lose my identity."

In this sense Adams is indeed as American as John Wayne.

*Erich F. Sommer
Munich*

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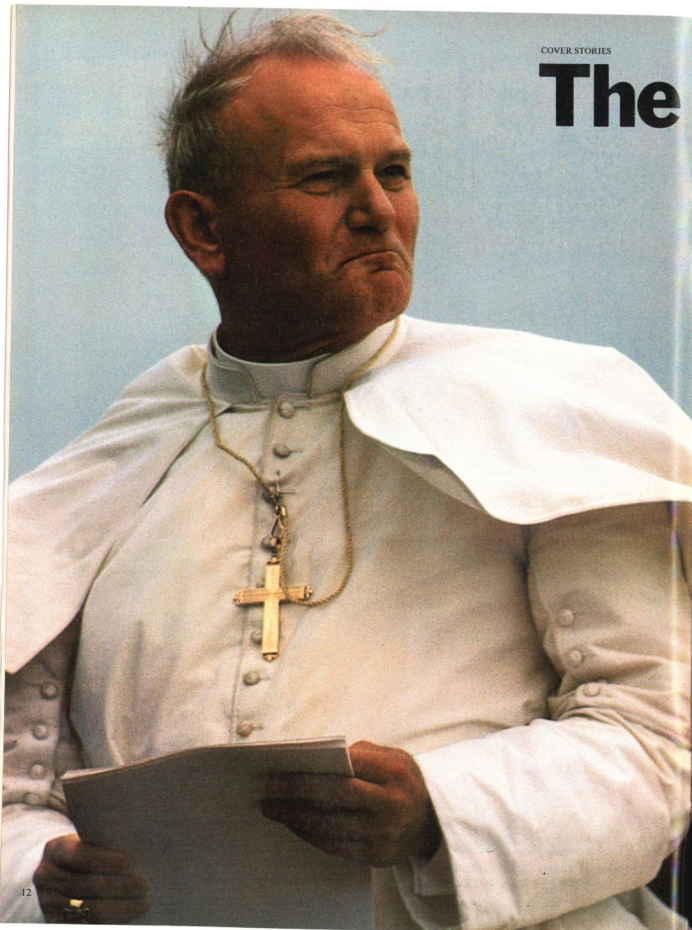
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COVER STORIES

The



TIME/OCT. 15, 1979

Pope in America

A gentle shepherd with a will of steel, John Paul II thrilled the U.S. with a glorious pilgrimage that won hearts—and challenged the nation



While the wind howls at Manhattan's Battery Park, Terence Cardinal Cooke holds the cape of an undaunted John Paul

Photograph by Peter B. Kaplan

The Pope in America

It Was "Woo-hoo-woo"

And a guitar, a white rosary, a quilting bee, an offering of zucchini

"He makes me think that the world and the people in it are not as bad as they seem."

—Mary Ellen Bickel, a Boston personnel manager

Only the rarest leaders inspire that kind of confidence in the basic goodness of humanity. As he led his triumphant seven-day journey of joy through the U.S., Pope John Paul II confirmed what his earlier tours of Mexico and Poland had intimated: after only a year in office, the Pontiff is emerging as the kind of incandescent leader that the world so hungers for—one who can make people feel that they have been lifted above the drabness of their own lives and show them that they are capable of better emotions, and better deeds, than they may have thought.

He was a man for all seasons, all situations, all faiths, a beguilingly modest superstar of the church. The professional philosopher read the diplomats of the U.N. a closely reasoned intellectual sermon on the importance of human rights and freedom—and offered in contrast the ghastly memory of Auschwitz in his homeland, where an emotional John Paul had prayed last June. The athlete-outdoorsman kept to a schedule that would have stunned many a man of far fewer years than his 59, and he seemed impervious to the driving rains that fell on his motorcades in Boston and Manhattan. The actor (John Paul toured

Poland with a school theatrical company before entering the priesthood) displayed a sure command of smile, gesture and wink, even capitalizing on his thick Polish accent to draw a laughing cheer by voicing admiration for Manhattan's "skyscroppers." Then he milked the line a bit, as the laughter and applause rose, and pronounced the word in Polish and Italian. The humanitarian pastor delighted in the happiness of his flock, and he became one with them. Children were his special favorites, and he swept them up lightly in his brawny arms. When a young monsignor from Harlem bent to kiss his ring, John Paul lifted him to his feet and kissed him on both cheeks. The Pope soothingly wiped the sweat from the head of a nervous priest who had been conducting the choir at Manhattan's St. Patrick's Cathedral. In one amazing scene, perhaps as memorable as any that 1979 will offer, John Paul's hearty baritone voice rumbled "Woo-hoo-woo" over the loudspeaker at Madison Square Garden; he was giving the Polish equivalent of "Wow!" as 19,000 youths rocked the arena with nine minutes of spontaneous, frenzied cheers.

Americans of all beliefs and all backgrounds teetered on tip-toe to get a glimpse of him and roar their approval. Said Billy Graham, a man who knows something about rousing fervor in his audiences: "He's the most respected religious leader in the world today." Said President Carter to John Paul at Saturday af-

In brilliant sunlight on the North Lawn, a President welcomes a Pope to the White House for the first time



ternoon's welcome on the White House lawn: "God blessed America by sending you to us." The Pope drew enormous crowds: 400,000 for a rainswept Mass on Boston Common, 1 million for a Mass in Philadelphia's Logan Circle, half a million at Grant Park in Chicago. Not everyone who attended the Pope's road show was swept up in the emotionalism, but the huge crowds of strangers seemed to become, for at least a little while, a community of friends. They serenaded John Paul with *Gettting to Know You* and *He's Got the Whole World in His Hands*, and in New York City they had to be shoed away at midnight so that their singing of the Polish national anthem would not keep him awake.

The warmth inspired by the Pope's presence poses a conundrum about the man and his views. Although Mexico is largely anticlerical and Poland is Communist, the vast majority of their citizens are Catholics who have been reared from infancy to respect the papacy. But the U.S. is a pluralist, secular, sexually permissive society, and in the past two decades Americans have come to view with suspicion all institutions and authority, social, political or religious.

Even the 50 million American Catholics harbor attitudes that must be deeply disturbing to their Pope. An Associated Press-NBC News poll released on the eve of John Paul's visit showed that most of the Catholics questioned were rejecting parts of what the church and the Pope were preaching. Of those surveyed, 66% would like the church to approve the use of artificial birth control, 63% believe it is all right for a couple to get a divorce even when children are involved, 53% think that priests should be allowed to marry, 50% even tolerate abortion on demand. Those stands put them in the sharpest opposition to John Paul II, a firmly conservative occupant of the Chair of St. Peter. One indication of his uncompromising views: the austere Pope Paul VI got 32,357 requests from priests to be released from their vows and granted all but 1,033 of them; the warmly human John Paul II has not released one.

That John Paul nonetheless won the hearts—if not yet the minds—of many Americans is partly a tribute to the uniqueness of his office, one that gives him the most imposing pulpit in the world, and very largely a result of his simple humanity. His spontaneous delight in baby kissing, in bantering with crowds, is needed proof that the head of even an enormous and tradition-bound institution can lead with affection and empathy.

There may also be a deeper reason for the reaction to the Pope in the U.S., as in other wealthy nations, many people, vaguely uneasy about the materialism of their lives, yearn in varying degrees for higher values and are even amenable to some fatherly chiding. John Paul sensed that mood and appealed to it in every one of his U.S. addresses.

This is a Pontiff who does not pontificate, but neither does he budge from any of his stands. In Philadelphia he asserted that he would not permit the ordination of women or married men, saying it is not "traditional." In Chicago, speaking to American bishops, he dramatically emphasized papal condemnation of birth control, divorce, abortion, extramarital sex and homosexual sex.

But John Paul saved his doctrinal fire primarily for specifically Catholic—indeed clerical—audiences. In the huge crowds, he made only glancing references to many of his most hotly disputed positions and chose instead to concentrate on aspects of the religious message as important as any thou-shalt-not precepts: peace, brotherhood, respect for human rights, the sharing of love. In Harlem he spoke of religious joy, in full knowledge of how seldom that emotion is felt on those mean streets. Said he:

"How many people have never known joy? They live in our neighborhoods, they have never met a brother or sister who touched their lives with the love of Jesus."

Again and again he preached against materialism, exhorting the rich to share their wealth with the poor, nationally and internationally, while reminding the poor that God loves the rich too. New York Times Columnist James Reston noted that, with the possible exception of Alexander Solzhenitsyn, John Paul "condemned the moral anarchy, sexual license and material consumerism in this country more than any social critic. Yet some-

how, despite his condemnation of our spiritual bewilderment, he has been received here with more applause than any religious or secular leader in the world."

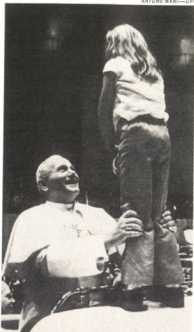
Part of the explanation, surely, was the fact that John Paul did not speak in tones of condemnation; nor did he threaten God's vengeance. Rather, he appealed to his audiences to be true to nobler qualities in themselves, telling them in effect you can do better than that, and you know it.

A great deal of the Pope's message was not specifically Catholic; large chunks of what he said could have been uttered by other Christian leaders. And the Pope appealed quite specifically, and effectively, to members of other faiths; at Battery Park on the lower tip of Manhattan, he addressed the nation's Jews, saying, "Shalom—peace be with you." Perhaps partly to aid this ecumenical appeal, he constantly emphasized a humble manner. The contrast with Paul VI, the only other Pope to visit the U.S. (for only 14 hours in 1965, primarily to make a U.N. address), was striking. Paul frequently used the papal "we." John Paul clearly preferred "I," and once made "we" sound not imperial but conspiratorial. When those cheering youths delayed his speech in Madison Square Garden, he told them gleefully: "We shall destroy the schedule."

All this reflects conscious decision and a major development: John Paul, who is perfectly aware of his charisma, is quite deliberately converting the papacy into a personal office, seeking to lead not by the weight of his authority but by the force of personal example of humanity and faith. It is a strategy as radical in its way as some of the Pope's doctrinal views are conservative, but well adapted to John Paul's personality and the world's eagerness for leadership.

As he toured America, the Pope artfully carried out a strategy that he had planned well in advance of leaving the Vatican. Says Jerzy Turowicz, editor in chief of Cracow's respected Catholic weekly *Tygodnik Powszechny* and a man who has known Karol Wojtyla for more than 30 years: "He looks at the American church and sees groups talking to each other using different 'languages.' They cannot understand each other. He would like to reunite the church. He is for pluralism, but with some limits, so that it does not verge on anarchy. He would like to restore church discipline and obedience and reverence for the institution. Perhaps what he faces is a problem of language, how to express his vision without seeming to take the part of a rigid conservative."

John Paul certainly made a skillful and impressive try to solve that problem. Said the Rev. Avery Dulles, son of John Foster Dulles and a theologian at Catholic University: "There is no lack of desire for spiritual leadership. But it must be exercised in a personal way. The Pope's personal style has a good chance of succeeding." The Rev. William Sloane Coffin Jr., pastor of Manhattan's Riverside Church and a leading liberal Protestant clergyman, was reminded by John Paul's performance of a definition laid down by Phillips Brooks, a spellbinding 19th century Episcopal bishop in Boston. "Preaching," said Brooks, "is bringing truth through personality." In the case of John Paul



Lifting an admirer onto the "Popemobile"

"Woo-hoo-woo" rumbled the baritone.

The Pope in America

II, man and message have become one. Bishop Daniel Cronin of Fall River, Mass., said the Pope was trying to create a sense of "oneness" among the nation's Catholics. "Here's a young and vigorous man. He's real. The way he engenders enthusiasm, it's as though the Holy Spirit has become visible."

John Paul had visited the U.S. twice before, in 1969 and 1976, and he began demonstrating his familiarity with the U.S., and sure touch with its people, almost the moment his Aer Lingus 747 touched down at Logan Airport in Boston after Monday's flight from Ireland. Rosalynn Carter, acting as her husband's personal emissary, dressed in black suit and white blouse, nervously delivered a graceful welcome: "You have lifted up the eyes of the world to focus on the enduring values of the family, the community, human rights and love for one another." The Pope kissed the soggy tarmac, planted two kisses on the cheeks of the Rev. Msgr. Charles Finn, at 102 the oldest U.S. priest, and said he would like to "enter every home, to greet personally every man and woman, to caress every child." Failing that, he said, "permit me to express my sentiments in the lyrics of your own song," and then, in his sturdy and serviceable English, quoted from *America the Beautiful*: "And crown thy good with brotherhood, from sea to shining sea."

Some 800 chartered buses had helped to bring an estimated 1 million visitors from all over New England to join 2 million Catholic Bostonians in this most Catholic of American cities to get a glimpse of the Pope. Many seemed not to mind that they got only a quick peek as his motorcade sped by. Whizzing through Dorchester on the way to town, he spotted a 6-ft. sign, hanging from the third floor of the home of Martin and Antania Olesch, that read, "Nie bojcie się otworzyć na oścież drzwi Chrystusowi" (Don't be afraid to open the door wide for Christ).

At the 104-year-old Cathedral of the Holy Cross, about 2,000 priests and nuns rocked the rafters with cheers, and the choir sang, "Ecce sacerdos magnus" (Behold the great priest).

The Pope showed again how thoroughly he had been prepared for his trip by paraphrasing the words of John Winthrop, first Governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, written aboard the *Arabella* as the ship approached America in 1630: "We must love one another with a pure heart. We must bear one another's burden." Said John Paul: "These simple words explain so much of the meaning of life—our life as brothers and sisters in our Lord Jesus Christ."

Then John Paul did an utterly characteristic thing. Leaving the cathedral, he turned left at the foot of the altar and headed for the only wheelchair in the church and Jane De Martino, 26, paralyzed as the result of an accident that severed her spinal column. He took her hand, kissed her head, bent close to murmur some words, and placed on her lap a small box inscribed with the words *Totus Tuus* (Totally Yours) and the papal coat of arms. When she opened the box, she found a rosary of white beads with a gold cross. Said De Martino: "If you had given me the whole world, it wouldn't have meant so much." A Boston cop who had been standing beside the chair began to weep. "I've got to get back to church," he said, and he walked away.

In the dimming twilight and rain, John Paul headed for Boston Common, whose history serves as a reminder that Boston was once a center of religious bigotry. Quaker dissenters were hanged there in the 17th century. And while no Catholics suffered that fate, Protestants from Boston's North and South ends staged organized brawls in the 18th century

on Nov. 5 to determine which group would light a bonfire and burn the Pope in effigy that night.

Some people waited as long as eleven hours on Boston Common (everywhere in the U.S. John Paul ran late) and were thoroughly drenched. From the fringes of the throng, the brilliantly lit platform and altar looked like an ethereal spaceship radiating warmth. Many people back in the crowd had the strange experience of first listening to cheers for the Pope on their transistor radios and then hearing the actual sound following through the air like an echo. His white hair wet and plastered down, John Paul led 300 priests, who waded through ankle-deep mud to hand out 60,000 Communion wafers that twelve nuns in Marlborough, Mass., had baked in a week of twelve-hour days starting each morning at 4:30.

Flying into New York City Tuesday morning, John Paul got a brief glimpse of sunshine, and his white robe glistened with golden light as he stepped off his plane at 9 a.m. Again a brief airport ceremony with dignitaries was enlivened by the Pope's ability to unstuff a shirt. Mayor Edward Koch, introducing himself: "Your Holiness, I am the mayor." The

Pope: "I shall try to be a good citizen." Then off for two days of shrieking crowds and perhaps the toughest hours of his trip, a series of wildly contrasting events that showed all the nuances and talents of his complex personality.

Tight police security—at times the cordons around him were four deep—kept the Pope from one of his favorite activities, working the crowds. But still he pressed the flesh with anyone he could reach, displaying a deft politician's hand that would have shamed Lyndon Johnson. The police had reason to wall off their charge: the FBI in Newark received a written warning that the Pope would be shot in Manhattan on Tuesday. The letter, purporting to come from the terrorist Puerto Rican Nationalist F.A.L.N., directed the FBI to an apartment in Elizabeth, N.J., where a submachine gun and several empty boxes of ammunition for handguns were found.

Harming the Pope, however, was the furthest thing from the minds of the people who greeted John Paul. "He waved!" exclaimed Miguel Vera, 30. "It's beautiful—as if it is almost God to me." The Pope found ample occasion to display his actor's gifts. He jokingly covered his ears as a crowd sent up deafening cheers. At one point he responded to shouts of "Long live the Pope!" with "You are right!"—an odd rejoinder that only John Paul could make seem charming. He addressed 60,000 at Shea Stadium in four of the seven languages he speaks with facility—English, Spanish, Italian, and, of course, Polish (French, Latin and German are the other three)—and drew applause by simply pronouncing place names with theatrical timing, greeting the crowds "from Long Island and New Jersey—and Connecticut (pronouncing all three c's)—and [long pause] Broke-leen."

At the U.N., where Arab and Jewish diplomats jostled with all the rest to see him, John Paul showed his intellectual side. His 61-minute speech ranged (continued on page 24)



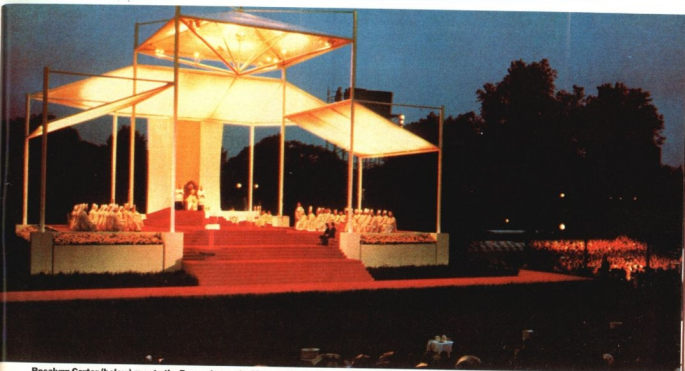
Security guard scans buildings from St. Patrick's Cathedral

"We must love one another with a pure heart."

GEORGE HODTS

A Papal Album

On the following pages: a color portfolio of images from the historic visit to the U.S. of Pope John Paul II.



Rosalynn Carter (below) greets the Pope; above, the Mass on Boston Common attended by some 400,000 people

RENTA—CONTACT



JOHN PAUL II—REUTERS

Boston

■ Rosalynn Carter at Logan International Airport: "Americans of every faith have come to love you in a very special way."

■ John Paul at Boston Common: "America the beautiful, even if it rains."

■ A woman, asked if she wanted to move closer to the altar where the Pope celebrated Mass: "Oh, no. I can feel him from right here. I don't have to see him."

■ A city official: "It's almost like it was during the great blizzard two years ago. No cars—no snow either—but people are aware of each other, reaching out."

Sign of welcome (below left) in the Hub City; right, choristers from several churches singing in the rain at Boston Common Mass



AP/WIDE WORLD



Panoramic view of the crowd of 75,000 that filled Yankee Stadium last week for Mass celebrated by John Paul II.



The Pontiff at Madison Square Garden; below, Cardinal Cooke shields his guest from a downpour



Pope watchers outside St. Patrick's

New York

- John Paul at Shea Stadium: "Above all, a city needs a soul if it is to become a true home for human beings. You, the people, must give it this soul."
- Teen-agers cheer at Madison Square Garden: "Rack 'em up/ Stack 'em up/ Bust 'em in two/ Holy Father, we're for you!"
- John Paul at the U.N.: "Are the children to receive the arms race from us as a necessary inheritance?"
- Police Commissioner Robert McGuire, who assigned 11,500 men to twelve-hour shifts, canceled all leaves and had trained dogs sniff for bombs inside St. Patrick's: "God is on our side in this one."



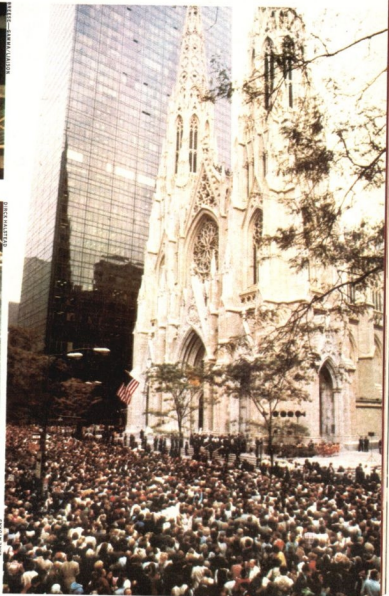
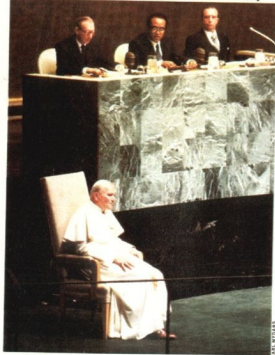


Scenes of welcome: below left, in midtown Manhattan; below right, outside the cathedral on Fifth Avenue

MARK AND ED SEGAL—ANKERS CAPITAL



Below, John Paul II before addressing U.N. General Assembly





Above, schoolchildren holding banner at Shea Stadium; below, anticipation at Battery Park

New York

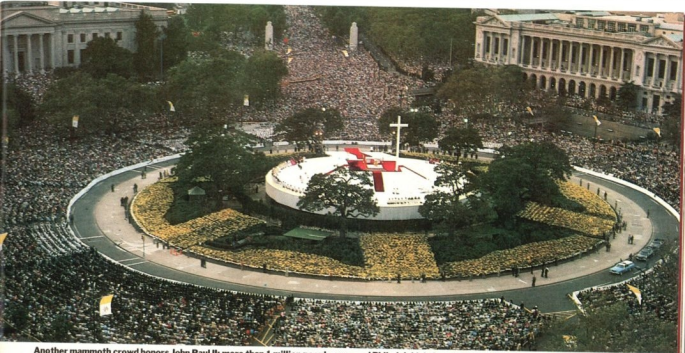
- John Paul: "My heart is with the poor, with those who are alone and abandoned in the midst of this teeming metropolis."
- The Pope in Harlem: "Be messengers of joy."
- Anthony Trocchia, 11, after meeting John Paul: "I never shook a Pope's hand before."



The poor and the Pope: above, residents of the South Bronx; below, he waves to people of Harlem near St. Charles Borromeo Church



MICHAEL O'BRIEN



Another mammoth crowd honors John Paul II: more than 1 million people surround Philadelphia's Logan Circle for Pontifical Mass

GORGONI—CONTACT

Philadelphia

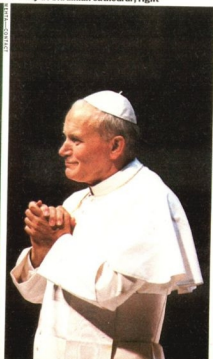
■ Stacey Stroman, 16, an usher outside the cathedral: "He was holding two carnations. He blessed me, gave a flower to the Secret Service man to give me, then blew me a kiss. It was like it was just him and me."

■ John Paul, addressing the clergy:

"Priesthood is forever—we do not return the gift once given. It cannot be that God who gave the impulse to say yes now wishes to hear no."

■ Cathy Campana, 17, drum majorette: "Thank you for coming to America. It was wonderful." "Thank you so much for your wonderful music," answered John Paul, handing her a rosary. "This is for you."

A neon-lit welcome for the Pope, who preaches unity at Ukrainian cathedral, right





John Paul emerging from Marine helicopter at Living History Farms near Des Moines, where he celebrated Mass outdoors (below)

KEVIN MAZUR



PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS

Iowa

- John Paul: "By hard work you have become masters of the earth and have subdued it."
- Florist Ted Boesen, who coordinated a display of 1,000 chrysanthemums, 1,800 marigolds and 350 lilies: "Maybe we went a little overboard."
- A Protestant minister from Granger, Iowa, to his Catholic neighbor, Joe Hays: "You got a Pope who knows how to pope."



Iowa housewife with cake baked for John Paul



At home abroad: the Pope driving through Polish neighborhood in Chicago



Two women who cared: above, with a flag and portrait; below, clutching a rosary

Chicago

■ A Chicago cop, listening to a crowd sing *America the Beautiful* outside John Paul's bedroom window: "I haven't heard anyone do that since the '50s. This sure beats fighting people back with nightsticks."

■ John Paul II, after hearing yet another group singing the Polish folk tune *Sto Lat* (100 Years): "If we keep this up, they're going to think this is the Polish national anthem."



The Pope in America



Early fans on the scene: four nuns focus cameras on Yankee Stadium altar

(continued from page 16) over a variety of topics tied together tightly by sequential reasoning. The headline-catching bits—an assertion that overall peace in the Middle East must include “a just settlement of the Palestinian question,” a call for a “special statute” to assure the preservation of Jerusalem as a city holy to the Christian, Jewish and Muslim faiths—were really incidental notes.

John Paul's main theme was that peace is threatened by any violation of human rights anywhere, and that the U.N. can fulfill its peace-keeping mission only if it remembers and applies its own 1948 Universal Declaration of Human Rights. The Pope also denounced the arms race (“The continual preparations for war... mean taking the risk that some time, somewhere, somehow, someone can set in motion the terrible mechanism of general destruction”). He prayed that “every kind of concentration camp anywhere on earth may once and for all be done away with” and condemned “the various kinds of torture and oppression, either physical or moral, carried out... under the pretext of internal ‘security’ or the need to preserve an apparent peace.”

The delegates listened in total silence. From many, no doubt, the silence reflected only respect and attention, but it may also have signified irritation from some—the delegates of countries that maintain concentration camps and practice torture in the name of security. This Pope does not shrink from telling people what they do not want to hear. Said New York Senator Daniel P. Moynihan, a former U.S. Ambassador to the U.N.: “I can attest from having watched that the Eastern European and Soviet delegates knew exactly what he was talking about, and for once in that chamber, looked fearful rather than bored.”

The emotional high points of John Paul's New York stay were a Tuesday evening Mass in Yankee Stadium and the Wednesday morning youth rally at Madison Square Garden. A crowd of 75,000 waited impatiently at Yankee Stadium, occasionally cheering a white-mitered bishop whom they mistakenly thought to be the Pope. John Paul finally appeared, 45



A prayerful watch

minutes late, in his white “Pope-mobile” (a rebuilt Ford Bronco truck) that slowly circled the field as the standing Pope extended his arms, first to one side, then the other, in blessing. People far out of his range of vision in the upper stands felt impelled to wave back, as if the Pope were greeting them alone.

The rhythmic clapping and popping of thousands of camera flashbulbs like fireflies throughout the stadium made John Paul seem less a religious figure than a Hollywood celebrity. But his sermon was the exact opposite of rock-concert hedonism. It was a warning against “the frenzy of consumerism.” Said the Pope to an audience that again fell silent: “Christ demands openness to our brothers and sisters in need—openness from the rich, the affluent, the economically advantaged; openness to the poor, the underdeveloped and the disadvantaged. Christ demands an openness that is more than benign attention, more than token actions or halfhearted efforts that leave the poor as destitute as before or even more so.”



Watching the prayer



A joyful noise: nuns with bullhorn cheer Pope in New York

No exclusion of women from holiness and mission in the church.

PALL MALL LIGHT 100's

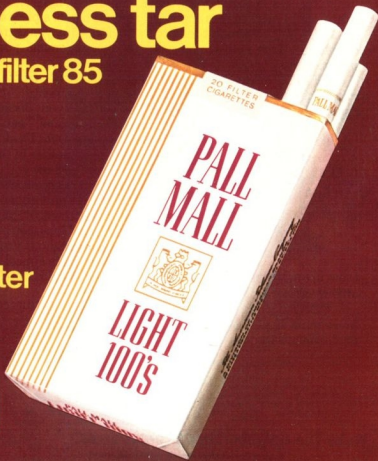
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Rockford 308/2830
Sterling 625/4926

Waterbed Designs
Chatham Square
Springfield

The Pope in America

to speak, the cheering built in a crescendo. Every time the noise would start to die down, someone would shout "Polish power!" or the name of a local high school or Catholic Youth Organization club, and the yelling would begin all over. Football-style cheers resounded from the balcony in praise of the Pope. John Paul shook with laughter. "Woo-hoo-woo," he cooed. But when he finally took the microphone it was to deliver to the young a serious Christian message: "When you wonder about the mystery of yourself, look to Christ, who gives you the meaning of life. When you wonder what it means to be a mature person, look to Christ, who is the fullness of humanity."

While in New York, the Pope at his own request also toured visibly blighted areas—not only Harlem but the South Bronx, where he pleaded with a crowd at a vacant lot not to "give in to despair." His visit concluded with the ceremonies at Battery Park and Shea Stadium. After telling the crowd in Shea that a city must have a "soul," he left for Philadelphia. As his plane taxied away, the Pope blessed New York.

In Philadelphia late Wednesday and early Thursday, John Paul pointedly answered some of the voices of dissent within the church. To Ukrainian-

rite Catholics, who have been agitating for more autonomy within the church, he insisted that they must accept his authority. To an audience of 14,000 priests, nuns and seminarians gathered from dioceses all over the U.S., he repeated uncompromising stands against the ordination of women and for priestly celibacy.

The Pope closed the door to ordination of women as priests during his pontificate. That, he said, "is not a statement about human rights, nor an exclusion of women from holiness and mission in the church," merely a reaffirmation of "the prophetic tradition" that only men can be priests. John Paul insisted on priestly celibacy "to express the totality of the yes that [priests] have spoken to the Lord" and made clear that his refusal to release priests from their vows would continue. "Priesthood is forever," he said.

Both homilies, however, illustrated John Paul's peculiar talent for winning personal enthusiasm from people who may disagree with his doctrinal stands by coupling them with positive thoughts. To the Ukrainian-rite Catholics he voiced enough praise of "diversity" within the church to win long applause. To the priests, nuns and seminarians he expressed an exalted view of the religious life as one of devotion to God and service to humanity. At the end of his talk they stamped, clapped, whistled and sang. Many nuns who had sat stony-faced while John Paul said that women could not be priests joined enthusiastically in the rousing ovation.

John Paul showed the same touch with lay audiences. At his Mass on Logan Circle, he deplored sexual "laxity" but put his remarks in a context of freedom, which he said must not "be seen as a pretext for moral anarchy" but can be truly enjoyed only by those who have "respect for the truth." The Philadelphia crowds were as fervent as any in the U.S. and, as everywhere, included many non-Catholics, who found the Pontiff far more than a touring curiosity. Lois Kukcinovich, a pianist at the New Generation of Disciples of Christ Church in Philadelphia, slept Wednesday night with her clothes on so that she could get out early Thursday to see the Pope. Said she: "The vibrations from him are just wonderful."

Next came America's heartland: Iowa. It was a stop that was not on the Pope's original itinerary. But Joe Hays, 39, a farmer and mechanic in Truro, sent the Pope a handwritten letter inviting him to visit American farm country. John Paul, who grew up in a Poland that was then overwhelmingly agricultural, accepted only five weeks before his U.S. tour was to begin, throwing Des Moines residents into a frenzy of eleventh-hour preparation.

James Ross, a pottery teacher at the Catholic Dowling High School in West Des Moines, worked 110 hours in the last week making vessels for the papal Mass: a chalice, a plate for the Communion bread, a pitcher, a bowl for the washing of hands. Local carpenters crafted an altar and papal chair out of thick oaken beams salvaged from a 100-year-old barn.

Florist Lew Darnell and his wife Mary Kay placed bouquets of Enchantment lilies in vases, part of an enormous floral display. "We postponed our retirement," said Mary Kay. "We were supposed to move to San Diego the first of October, but when we heard the Pope was coming

we stayed." To decorate the altar platform, 15 Wisconsin volunteers staged a two-week quilting bee to stitch together a 10-ft. square banner done in burnt orange, sky blue and leafy green.

Like the preparation, the papal visit had an earthy, homespun touch more gentle than the frenzy in the East. The Pope stopped first at the tiny (15 pews) St. Patrick's Church, nestled in rolling farm land near Cumming. "Feel grateful to God for the blessings he gives you," said the Pope, "not least the blessing of belonging to this rural parish community ... May the simplicity of your life-style and the closeness of your community be the fertile ground for a growing commitment to Jesus Christ."

Meanwhile, at Living History Farms, which re-creates early life on three operating farms, the biggest crowd in Iowa history was gathering. By the time the papal Mass began on a 180-acre pasture shortly after 3 p.m., the throng totaled 350,000, more than double the 150,000 that descended on Iowa in 1959 for a glimpse of Nikita Khrushchev. Police cordoned off a 16-mile stretch of Interstate 80 and Interstate 35 and used it as a parking lot for buses that rolled in from Kansas, the Dakotas, Colorado, Wyoming, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Nebraska. The crowd included many teen-agers in jeans and backpacks. Seventy-five high school students from Independence, Iowa, walked 130 miles to see the Pope.

The Mass itself was filled with pageantry and song. At the Offertory, farm families carried to the altar symbolic gifts of soil, hand tools and garden vegetables: peppers and zucchini from Beverly and Tom Manning of Dallas Center; potatoes and apples from Frieda and Ray O'Grady of Afion; ears of corn from Mabel and Art Schweers of Lenox. In his homily, John Paul praised agriculture and one more time called attention to the plight of the world's poor. He told the farmers, "You have the potential to provide food for the millions who have nothing to eat and thus help rid the world of famine." Summed up Mike Keable, a Catholic deacon from Minnesota: "The Pope is the glue that holds the church together. What better glue can we have?"

Thursday night John Paul flew to Chicago, where a crowd of 1,000, shivering in upper-40s cold, chanted, "Long live the Pope," outside his bedroom window at 10 p.m. John Paul ap-



Demonstrators protest in background as the Pope enters Washington

The Pope in America

peared on a second-floor balcony and wagged his finger playfully at the crowd like a father telling his children it was past their bedtime. At 5:30 a.m. he was awakened by chants of "We want the Pope." Though he appeared weary at times, most notably Thursday night, he drew strength from the crowds. He told an Italian TV interviewer: "When I first arrived in New York, I felt tired and it looked like a very long trip. But now it's beginning to look too short."

It was at a Chicago seminary, in an address to more than 300 U.S. bishops, that he gave the most doctrinaire talk of his tour. His technique was typically deft; he quoted exactly from a pastoral letter that the bishops themselves had composed in 1976, and in effect exclaimed: How right you are! On divorce, he told the bishops: "You faced the question of the indissolubility of marriage, rightly stating, 'The covenant between a man and a woman joined in Christian marriage is as indissoluble and irrevocable as God's love for his people.'" On extramarital sex: "You rightly stated 'sexual intercourse is a moral and human good only within marriage. Outside marriage it is wrong.'" He condemned "both the ideology of contraception and contraceptive acts" and quoted approvingly the bishops' denunciation of abortion: "You clearly said, 'To destroy these innocent unborn children is an unspeakable crime.'" He told the bishops that they had properly distinguished between homosexual acts, which he said are wrong, and homosexual orientation, which deserves sympathy: "You did not betray those people who, because of homosexuality, are confronted with difficult moral problems." He also approved the bishops' condemnation of racial antagonism and discrimination, but the total context of his talk was chilling to liberal theologians. He asserted that the church has a special mission to "guard and transmit intact the deposit of Christian doctrine," thus reaffirming the thought that Christianity is a body of fixed beliefs rather than a faith that ought to be adapted to modern circumstances.

John Paul topped off his Chicago visit with still another Mass, this time in Grant Park, scene of pitched battles between police and anti-Viet Nam War protesters eleven years ago. A crowd of 500,000 transformed it on Friday into something more like the site of a love-in.

On Saturday morning John Paul made his last and most historic stop, arriving in Washington in a blaze of sunshine and a feast of good will. For the first time, a Pope was visiting the White House, a happening that would have been inconceivable in U.S. politics just two decades ago. Warmly, graciously, the Southern Baptist President of the U.S. greeted the head of the Roman Catholic Church. Gathered on the North Lawn of the White House for the official greeting were 3,500 guests, including many of the ranking figures of the Government.

The President began his remarks in Polish: "Niech będzie Bog pochwałony!" Then he added the translation: "May God be praised!" Carefully not-

ing the American tradition of separation of church and state, Carter also lauded John Paul: "You have moved among us as a champion of dignity and decency for every human being, and as a pilgrim for peace among nations. You have offered us your love, and we as individuals are heartened by it. You can be sure, Pope John Paul, that the people of America return your love." At that, John Paul clasped his hands and quickly touched his heart.

In his reply, the Pope congratulated the President on his Polish. He said that he wished to be "the messenger of peace and brotherhood, and a witness to the true greatness of every person." John Paul said he hoped the meeting would "serve the cause of world peace, international understanding and the promotion of full respect for human rights everywhere." He ended with his now-familiar "God bless America!" which brought the applauding guests to their feet.

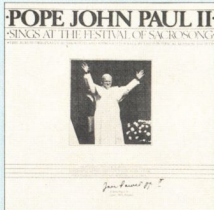
After conferring for an hour, the Pope and the President

greeted 6,000 guests gathered on the South Lawn for the afternoon's second major reception. Here Carter contributed one of the most moving moments of his presidency. In his best preacher's tone, he said to John Paul: "As human beings each acting for justice in the present—and striving together for a common future of peace and love—let us not wait so long for ourselves and for you to meet again. Welcome to our country, our new friend." Echoing the President, the crowd burst into prolonged applause. As the Pope kissed the President, somehow part of the magnanimity of the Pontiff, as well as his blessing, was momentarily transposed onto the troubled shoulders of Jimmy Carter. He knew it, as did the audience, comprised largely of party faithfuls.

The afternoon marked the beginning of the end of the Pope's extraordinary week. Little remained but a Sunday Mass—with crowd estimates at 200,000—on the Washington Mall and the final takeoff of *Shepherd I*, his TWA 747, for Rome.

What did Pope John Paul II leave behind? He probably won't see any converts to his doctrinal stands. Those who believe in divorce, birth control and abortion presumably will go on doing so. Those who consider his refusal to ordain women a grossly mistaken policy began speaking up even while he was still touring the country. Indeed, groups of protesters dogged his two days in Washington. Read one typical banner: EQUAL RITES FOR WOMEN. Sister Lorraine Weires, a Dominican nun and ardent feminist who attended the Des Moines Mass dressed in black slacks, expressed hope that the Pope "is open to dialogue. He too will grow in consciousness." Perhaps. But there is little reason to expect that in the years ahead John Paul will bend his views to suit the world as most U.S. Catholics see it.

Yet somehow last week that did not matter. By his force of personality, by his natural qualities of leadership, and by the warmth of his generosity, he generated in his Catholic



One million records of a papal sing-along

I GOT A PEEP AT THE POPE boasted a T shirt. Lifelike posters of John Paul II—complete with the hint of a halo—were out on the streets too. Vendors were following the Fisher of Souls from city to city like a flock of seagulls. Pope buttons, two for \$5, pens, medallions, portraits suitable for framing, Vatican flags, pennants proclaiming WELCOME POPE JOHN PAUL II: oceans of junk, rivers of memorabilia. Despite the Pontiff's preaching against materialism, the hucksters were out in full force.

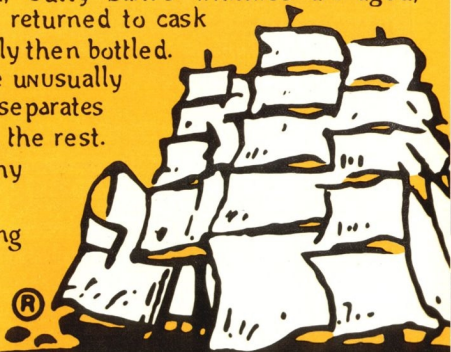
One of the bestselling items, however, was the genuine article. Infinity Records, an appropriately named division of MCA, last week released 1 million copies of *Pope John Paul II Sings at the Festival of Sacrosong*. The recording was made in June when the Pope returned to Cracow, Poland, to take part in the sacred-music festival he had founded eleven years earlier as Karol Cardinal Wojtyla. When he sang along spontaneously with the Sacrosong singers, the Pope's voice was captured on a master tape that MCA obtained. Rock stations last week were playing the Pope in the company of the Bee Gees and Led Zeppelin. John Paul will get nothing from the sales; his share of the take will go to charities. The prophecy after one week of sales of the \$9.98 disc: the Pope has a growing following, but The Who can rest easy.

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The Pope in America

audiences an enhanced pride in their church, a feeling that they were part of a larger whole.

Perhaps more important, John Paul left behind a morally imperative message for a people who seemed to need it. His visit showed with surprising clarity that many Americans of many creeds are looking for direction, for stability. They found themselves attracted to this strong, virile figure, a natural leader who was both compassionate and stern. The charisma spared nobody. Waiting for John Paul's motorcade, U.N. Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim confessed: "This is one of my greatest experiences." In Boston, Henry Cabot Lodge, 77, the former Massachusetts Senator and an Episcopalian, and his wife Emi-

ly, 74, stayed with the Pope the whole stormy day, although Emily Lodge lost a shoe in the Boston Common quagmire.

Finally, John Paul's presence and words reminded Americans—and the world—that humanity does have a higher nature. Said Monsignor John Tracy Ellis, leading ecclesiastical historian at Catholic University: "The greatest contribution that the Pope's visit can make to our nation is focusing upon and emphasizing the need for a revival of morality. John Paul is a man of singular sophistication; he is no pious goose. But he is a moral leader—or he isn't anything."

Millions of Americans could agree last week that they had seen a moral leader at work.

Uphams Corner: A Brief Encounter

It happened at 1,000—maybe at 100,000—stretches of street, bends in the road, unmarked dots on the newspaper maps that showed the routes of John Paul's motorcade. Each scene was different, yet each was very much the same. The sum of them was a papal visit. TIME Correspondent Jeff Melvin reports from Uphams Corner in Boston.

It is a little shopping area straddling northern Dorchester and southern Roxbury, whose life has bobbed up and down and up again with the social tides that have swept the Boston area. Boston is a city of ethnic neighborhoods, and Uphams Corner has seen its share—Irish, then blacks, then Spanish.

They were all here. And many others from surrounding suburbs and beyond. The Pope was expected at 3:30 p.m., but the people came as early as 10 a.m. to find a place by the sidewalk, huddled close to the yellow nylon cord strung between bright baby-blue barrels marking the route of the motorcade. It was a damp morning. The weary buildings belonged to the gray sky. But the street was proud with flags. Children held their own yellow-and-white papal banners—made the night before out of a glossy-stock insert from the Sunday Boston *Globe*. The HQ Company 181 of the National Guard, out of Worcester, lined the street.

The people waited patiently. Patty Taylor, a pretty, blond twelve-year-old from Milton, held a handmade sign that read I LOVE YOU, JOHN PAUL II. Why did she and her family pick this spot? "Because he'll have to slow down to turn the corner." One sign stood out even more than the big WITAM, JAN PAWEL II placard above LaSalle's bar. VIVA EL PAPA it read. And in small letters below LOS CUBANOS. "I am from Miami Beach," the old woman said who held it. "I am Cuban." She was Noemi Sarmeteros, 75 years old, and she lived with her son in Florida. But she had made the trip to see the Pope with Boston friends.

At 2:51 word was passed from tran-

sistor radio owners that the Pope had landed. Christine Bagley from South Weymouth, with her two daughters munching pizza beside her, explained, "I'm taking pictures for our grandmother in Braintree." Gregory Casey, 9, from Needham, in his baseball jacket, was ready. "I hope the Pope says something to the kids," his mother Mary Lou said. "They need religion, and they need a father figure. The Pope is a strong, athletic-type they can relate to."

A squadron of police motorcycles whizzed around the corner, their blue lights blinking. Instamatics were pushed forward. The people pressed against the ropes. Then came an unmarked security car, obviously packed with Secret Service agents. Then ... nothing. The Instamatics were lowered.

Moments later, shouting, cheering. More motorcycles came and then, behind a police car, there was the black limousine, red lights under the grille blinking between the headlights. And standing through the roof, standing out like a beacon in the gray afternoon, was John Paul II. The St. Peter's C.Y.O. band from Dorchester began to play.



Crowd awaiting John Paul's motorcade

The flags were raised. But he was coming so fast!

The motorcade was positively speeding through Uphams Corner (from 10 to 15 m.p.h., National Guardsmen later estimated). But there he was. He seemed to glow in his white garments and red hat. His complexion seemed more brilliant than those of the people in the street. He was smiling. You could see the blue of his eyes. Flashbulbs flared. People were shouting. Crying aloud. Waving. The Pope only had time to make the sign of the cross in one direction—and then he was gone. Just like that. Gone. It was 4:10. He was through Uphams Corner in 20 seconds.

Other black Cadillacs went by. No one knew who was inside them, but the people kept on waving. Then they too were gone, and there were only the trailing motorcycle cops to pass, and it was all over. The St. Peter's band finished playing to an empty street. There was a moment of stunned silence. Then the crowd broke, walking to cars or homes or bus or train depot. The rest of the proceedings would be seen on television.

Twenty seconds. Yet the people were ecstatic. "He's beautiful!" a woman cried out. "He looked so beautiful. I could see the blue of his eyes." Christine Bagley was happy. "My God," she gushed. "I can't believe it. I'm still shaking. Look!" She pointed to her Polaroid picture. There was the black limousine, and there was John Paul II. In the center. In focus. Down the street a middle-aged Irishman and a young Chicano in Army surplus clothes were unraveling the strong new nylon cord strung between the blue barrels. "Hey, we'll split it," the man said. He produced a pocket knife and they did.

Next day the front page of the *Globe* was emblazoned with a color picture of the Pope passing by Uphams Corner. Off to the right in it appears 75-year-old Noemi Sarmeteros from Miami. The Pope is facing away from her, making the sign of the cross on the other side of the street. Noemi is standing with her sign. It doesn't matter that the Pope can't see her. She is smiling and she is waving and she is very, very happy.

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The Pope in America

New World Sayings of John Paul

Spiritual Values and Material

Goods: Man lives at the same time both in the world of material values and in that of spiritual values. In this relationship it is the spiritual values that are pre-eminent, both on account of the nature of these values and also for reasons concerning the good of man. The pre-eminent of the values of the spirit defines the proper sense of earthly material goods and the way to use them. This pre-eminent is therefore at the basis of a just peace. It is also a contributing factor to ensuring that material development, technical development and the development of civilization are at the service of what constitutes man... A critical analysis of our modern civilization shows that in the last hundred years it has contributed as never before to the development of material goods, but that it has also given rise to a series of attitudes in which sensitivity to the spiritual dimension of human existence is diminished, as a result of certain premises which reduce the meaning of human life chiefly to the many different material and economic factors—I mean to the demands of production, the market, consumption, the accumulation of riches or of the growing bureaucracy with which an attempt is made to regulate these very processes.

On World War II and Auschwitz: You will forgive me, ladies and gentlemen, for invoking this memory. But I would be untrue to the history of this century. I would be dishonest with regard to the great cause of man, which we all wish to serve, if I should keep silent, I who come from the country on whose living body Auschwitz was at one time constructed. But my purpose in evoking this memory is above all to show what painful experiences and sufferings by millions of people gave rise to the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, which has been placed as the basic inspiration and cornerstone of the United Nations Organization. This declaration was paid for by millions of our brothers and sisters at the cost of their suffering and sacrifice, brought about by the brutalization that darkened and made insensitive the human consciences of the oppressors and of those who carried out a real genocide. This price cannot have been paid in vain!

On Arms and Children: Are the children to receive the arms race from us as a necessary inheritance? How are we to explain [to them] this unbridled race?

The ancients said *Si vis pacem, para bellum* [if you seek peace, prepare for war]. But can our age still really believe that the breathtaking spiral of armaments is at the service of world peace?

On America's Duty: It will always remain one of the glorious achievements of this nation that, when people looked to-

ward America, they received together with freedom also a chance for their own advancement. This tradition must be honored also today. The freedom that was gained must be ratified each day by the firm rejection of whatever wounds, weakens or dishonors human life... It is then my wish that your sense of freedom may always go hand in hand with a profound sense of truth and honesty about yourselves and about the realities of your society. Past achievements can never be an acceptable substitute for present responsibilities toward the common good.

On Social Responsibility: The poor of the United States and of the world are your brothers and sisters in Christ. You must never be content to leave them just the crumbs from the feast. You must take of your substance, and not just of your abundance, in order to help them. And you must treat them like guests at the family table... Favor ways of life that break

Between the Lines

During his travels in America, John Paul delivered 49 speeches, prayers, greetings and homilies. The major speeches he wrote himself, in longhand, always in Polish, sometimes breaking into song as he worked. Once aides translated the texts into English he revised the speeches again before delivery. The style was consistently genial and polite, often rhetorical, at times passionate, invariably authoritative. As these excerpts show, the Pope always sounded as if he meant exactly what he said.

with the frenzy of consumerism, exhausting and joyless. It is not a question of slowing down progress, for there is no human progress when everything conspires to give full reign to the instincts of self-interest, sex and power. We must find a simple way of living. For it is not right that the standard of living of the rich countries should seek to maintain itself by draining off a great part of the reserves of energy and raw materials that are meant to serve the whole of humanity.

On Sexuality and Freedom: There can be no true freedom without respect for the truth regarding the nature of human sexuality and marriage. In today's society, we see so many disturbing tendencies and so much laxity regarding the Christian view on sexuality that have all one thing in common: recourse to the concept of freedom to justify any behavior that is no longer consonant with the true moral order and the teaching of the church. Moral norms do not militate

against the freedom of the person or the couple; on the contrary, they exist precisely for that freedom, since they are given to ensure the right use of freedom.

To Journalists: If your reporting does not always command the attention you would desire, or if it does not always conclude with the success that you would wish, do not grow discouraged. Be faithful to the truth and to its transmission, for truth endures; truth will not go away. Truth will not pass or change... The service of humanity through the medium of the truth is something worthy of your best years, your finest talents, your most dedicated efforts.

On Priestly Vows of Celibacy: Priesthood is forever. We do not return the gift once given. It cannot be that God who gave the impulse to say "yes" now wishes to hear "no." Nor should it surprise the world that the call of God through the church continues to offer us a celibate ministry of love and service after the example of Our Lord Jesus Christ. After centuries of experience, the church knows how deeply fitting it is that priests should give this concrete response in their lives to express the totality of the "yes" they have spoken to the Lord who calls them by name to his service.

To Iowa Farmers: Every day the farmer is reminded of how much depends upon God. From the heavens come the rain, the wind and the sunshine. They occur without the farmer's command or control. The farmer prepares the soil, plants the seed and cultivates the crop. But God makes it grow; he alone is the source of life... You who live in the heartland of America have been entrusted with some of earth's best land... You are stewards of some of the most important resources God has given to the world. Therefore, conserve the land well, so that your children's children and generations after them will inherit an even richer land than was entrusted to you.

To Young People: Faced with problems and disappointments, many people will try to escape from their responsibility: escape in selfishness, escape in sexual pleasure, escape in drugs, escape in violence, escape in indifference and cynical attitudes. But today, I propose to you the option of love, which is the opposite of escape... Whatever you make of your life, let it be something that reflects the love of Christ... Whatever you do, remember that Christ is calling you, in one way or another, to the service of love: the love of God and of your neighbor... Love demands effort and a personal commitment to the will of God. It means discipline and sacrifice, but it also means joy and human fulfillment. Dear young people: Do not be afraid of honest effort and honest work; do not be afraid of the truth.

The Pope in America

Offering an American Perspective

"I think American Catholicism is in great shape," said Father Theodore Hesburgh, president of the University of Notre Dame, last week. Hesburgh cited the church's "openness, its general thrust of concern about deep social problems," as reason for optimism. "I know the list of issues," he added, referring to church division over abortion, contraception, unmarried clergy. "These are not what 90% of the Catholics are concerned about." Many American Catholics do not agree. The Roman Catholic Church, especially in the U.S., is living through trying times. Last week TIME asked a number of leaders, Catholic and non-Catholic, to comment on the state of the American church and what effect Pope John Paul's visit may have upon it.

The Rev. Daniel Berrigan, radical Jesuit: What the Pope has on his mind is what I have on my mind, the hideous nuclear arms race. He is not afraid to show his heart in the midst of a heartless world, a world of executioners, of mannequins and robots who coldly calculate the extinction of human beings. The great powers turn their backs. They say, "Aren't these fine sentiments?" But John Paul spoke to people, not to governments... This is not to say that he sees the mote in his own eye. His views of women are old-fashioned, and they are probably not going to change. We can't have apartheid at the altar.

The Rev. Charles Curran, moral theologian, Catholic University of America: We are seeing a change in the role of the papacy, placing a much greater emphasis on the person and personality who holds the office. Theology has always stressed the office much more than the person. There may be problems ahead with this shift. In the past American Catholics have identified the core meaning of being a Catholic on the wrong issues, on specific practices by which Roman Catholics differed from others: no meat on Fridays, contraception, obey the Pope. The core in faith must always be recognition of Jesus as Lord, the response of the community in Jesus through faith, hope and charity, the recognition of the power of God's love to ul-



Graham



Marty

timately overcome all obstacles, and the promise of the joy and fullness of life.

The Rev. Billy Graham, Protestant evangelist: No other man in the world today could attract as much attention on moral and spiritual subjects as John Paul. He is articulating what Catholic and Protestant churches have traditionally held, the moral values from the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount. The country is responding in a magnificent way. It shows there's a great spiritual hunger. The Pope has reached millions of Protestants. The organized ecumenical movement seems to be on the back burner and ecumenicity is now taking place where Roman Catholics and Protestants share beliefs in matters like the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection of Christ.

Daniel Maguire, theologian, Marquette University, and a former priest: There is a certain amount of what I call "Italianization" going on in this country. The Italians have always tended to wear their Catholicism somewhat loosely. They identify with it, but they are selective in what they take seriously. In America, Irish literalism and doctrinal rigor is yielding to a kind of Italian, easygoing selectivity.

The Rev. Martin E. Marty, church historian, University of Chicago, and a Protestant: The danger is that because of the large crowds John Paul might make the mistake of thinking he could whip everybody into line. In Poland you don't have to whip. When you have a common foe, everyone is automatically in line. You don't have that in America. Poles until 30 years ago could act with power because Catholics were afraid of hell, excommunication, social ostracism, the scorn of priests. The modern papacy has no coercive power, only persuasive power. He's a smart enough Pope. I think, to keep everyone from going home mad. There is a tremendous hunger on the part of liberals today to find their tradition. If he doesn't crack the whip, he'll persuade them. Liberals are marvelous adapters.

John T. Noonan, law professor, University of California at Berkeley: Before the Sec-

ond Vatican Council, the church was focused enough on God to be somewhat neglectful of human social problems. The tendency afterward has been to so focus on the social and human as to forget the transcendent. John Paul seems to me to be perfectly in the center, striking a balance... In America, I see a family-centered, marriage-centered Catholic community standing out, not against Protestants or devout Jews but against a secular society in which the family is increasingly devalued. There's a real split now between the dominant secular values and the Christian and Old Testament vision.

The Rev. Luis Olivares, president of PADRES, an association of Hispanic priests: The Hispano-Catholic relates to the family, not affluence. Ordaining women is trivia. Birth control or married priests are non-issues. By his presence the Pope can give tangible evidence of the concern expressed in his message about the poor, the alienated, the consumer society. The Pope can also directly appoint more Hispanic bishops in this country. The American hierarchy as a whole fails to recognize the Hispano-Catholic and his values. You cannot alienate people for too long. The Hispano is a patient and long-suffering soul. John Paul II gives us cause for hope.

Claire Randall, general secretary, National



Randall



Tanenbaum

Council of Churches: The impact of the visit is a forceful reminder to those who think religion in this country is dead, passé... The Pope will gain a sense of Catholicism in this country, but he needs to see Catholicism in the context of a non-Catholic country. You have to understand Protestantism just to understand this country. Our historical background is entirely different from that of the Pope. There are hundreds of women clergy here. The Pope speaks as though a woman priesthood could never be achieved. He implies that where sacred things are concerned, women cannot have the same relationship to God man can have, or that God cannot use them in the way he can use men. This is something that I and many men and women, both Protestant and Catholic, cannot accept.



Hesburgh



Berrigan

Peter Steinfels, executive editor of *Commonweal* and author of *The Neo-Conservatives*: Perhaps the Pope's visit will finally convince the media that religion is a serious reality, not only in backward places like Mexico and Iran but also in the U.S. Polls show that 90% of Americans believe in God and pray often, but most of the serious observations about this country are made by the other 10%. Nothing has changed since H.L. Mencken in the way that public commentators look at the reality of religious life.

Rabbi Marc Tanenbaum, director of *inter-religious affairs*, *American Jewish Committee*: We in the Jewish community are deeply impressed with the Pope's charismatic power, intellectual sharpness and moral persuasiveness. His words at Battery Park were an embrace of love and respect from an international superstar... There was a positive response to his making the tragedy of Auschwitz his point of departure at the United Nations. Among Protestant and Jewish representatives, I sense a feeling that inadequate respect has been paid to America's pluralistic reality. His itinerary basically ignored the 150 million non-Catholic Americans. America could have been his first papal experience in pluralism.

The Rev. David Tracy, theologian, *University of Chicago*: American Catholicism, like American society in general, is pluralistic. This means there's conflict, a sort of family quarrel going on. What you see in the crowds that greet the Pope is a kind of affirmation of this pluralism and of a current resurgence of pride in Catholic identity. I am in very great admiration of this Pope. He's a believable person, a good priest, a good Pope. At the same time I am troubled by stands he seems to take. I am also troubled by the Vatican document this year that stated that orthodoxy would be a question in granting tenure to theology professors at certain Catholic universities. It may be a very good thing in Poland, but it doesn't make sense for us.

Garry Wills, columnist and author of *Inventing America*: John Paul has attracted a large crowd. He doesn't want to lose it, so there will undoubtedly be some pressure on him toward liberalization. On the other hand, the same pressures were there for Pius IX, Pius XII and Paul VI. The history of the recent papacy is not very promising. Almost all Popes come in as reformers, and all of them get more rigid and not more loose as they stay in office. What signals he has given show that he is quite reactionary, surely as reactionary as Paul VI. The recent papacy has taken very progressive stands on nuclear disarmament and redistribution of wealth, but it hasn't had much impact because the Pope is shooting down his own troops when he drives out priests and nuns and makes it so difficult for people who ought to be ministers, like women. His theological conservatism undercuts his political liberalism.

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Back Door No Longer

Even after we have seen it, the act of bringing a Pope in the front door of the White House just like he was an Arab with oil or a state chairman with delegates is nothing short of a miracle.

Watching the spectacle of politicians clawing for invitations to the White House receptions and then basking in the reflected spiritualism recalled stories of 20 years ago, when John Kennedy was running hard for office while running away from any public chumminess with Popes or their standard-bearers.

There was a time early on in that memorable campaign when Methodist Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam of Washington harrumphed his displeasure at the thought of having a Catholic President. Kennedy acted as though his career had been shattered. He eagerly accepted an invitation to meet with a gathering of the Methodist church's hierarchy and then waited like a schoolboy for their report. When Methodism's judgment was still negative on Kennedy, he was chagrined and sought to ease the blow in the press with a touch of wit. "Careful," he said to reporters, "you may determine the fate of the free world."

Along the way to the nomination, Kennedy was in constant skirmishes with the fundamentalists and some New York ecclesiastical powers who suspected that the Pope was even then packing his bags. Behind closed doors in



Presidential Candidate John F. Kennedy answering questions of ministers in 1960

Washington's Mayflower Hotel, the eminent Dr. Norman Vincent Peale told 150 clergymen formed into the Citizens for Religious Freedom: "Our American culture is at stake. I don't say it won't survive, but it won't be what it was." Finally, Kennedy had to meet those preachers down in Houston, who asked him to drop by to explain his views. This famous confrontation went so well for Kennedy, who stated his firm opinions on separation of church and state, that many felt the dramatic moment was an important part of his victory.

After he had won the nomination, Kennedy was still concerned that people finally would vote against the Pope and him in the election. In New York city one day he was riding down Fifth Avenue in a limousine, chatting amiably about the political struggle. As the limousine rolled past St. Patrick's Cathedral, Kennedy was suddenly seized by the inner imp. He leaned forward and with a grin saluted the cathedral's spires. Just as suddenly he realized his peril and barked: "That's off the record." J.F.K. allowed Cardinal Cushing to come down from Boston to give a prayer at his Inaugural. With Kennedy's victory certified, if only by an eyelash, it was apparent that the old fears about Roman Catholics in high office were nearly extinguished.

But even after Kennedy's death there were recurrent jitters about the Vatican. Lyndon Johnson approached Pope Paul VI as though he were a Republican. In 1965 the President went to the Waldorf Astoria to pay a brief call on the visitor from Rome. There is no record of L.B.J.'s asking the Pope to the ranch for barbecue, one of few celebrities so snubbed.

When the first of Johnson's school bills seeking Government aid for parochial schools was on the Hill, old prejudices flared a final time. Aide Bill Moyers took a call one day in Johnson's absence to hear the protests of a ranking Southern Baptist. The caller wanted to talk to the President himself about how he could have got so tangled up with the Catholics. "He's in the swimming pool with Dr. Graham," said Moyers. "Who?" asked a diminished voice. "The President is in the swimming pool with Dr. Billy Graham," said Moyers. There was a long and heavy pause. "Our Billy?" asked the defeated caller. The White House has been preparing for John Paul ever since.

Time Essay

The Rise and Fall of Anti-Catholicism

American non-Catholics last week seemed almost as happy as Catholics to have the Pope in their midst. No old sectarian angers darkened the pageant. Whatever doctrinal reservations may remain about the Pope of Rome lay quiet, at least for the moment.

The spectacle was a startling confirmation of the substantial changes that have occurred in American attitudes toward the Roman Catholic Church and the papacy. One has only to imagine the nation's furious reception if Pope Pius XII had appeared in America 30 years ago: Congressmen would have introduced resolutions denouncing the visit; angry pickets would have greeted the Pontiff at every stop. It would have seemed unthinkable to invite him to the White House.

John Paul II's visit was, by contrast, a measure not only of extraordinary changes in the nation's attitude toward Catholicism but also in the Catholic Church itself. Yet for all the non-sectarian exuberance that the Pope excited, he came to the U.S. at a moment when the deeply rooted issue of anti-Catholicism had been stirring with signs of life. Some Catholics detect a new wave of the old bigotry. They see it not so much in America's residual nativist sentiment as in a certain liberal, intellectual contempt for the church's conservative approach to certain issues: birth control, homosexuality and, above all, the morally painful matter of abortion.

A number of writers, including a few non-Catholics, have been developing the theme in the past two years: The idea that anti-Catholicism is the last respectable bigotry in the U.S. Norman Miller, the *Wall Street Journal's* Washington bureau chief, wrote last year: "Subtle and even blatant anti-Catholicism is surfacing again." In a 1977 book titled *An Ugly Little Secret*, Andrew Greeley, a priest-sociologist, called anti-Catholic bias the "last remaining unexposed prejudice in American life." "This prejudice," wrote Greeley, "is not as harmful to individuals as either anti-Semitism or racism.... [But] it is more insidious because it is not acknowledged, not recognized, not explicitly and self-consciously rejected. Good American liberals who would not dream of using sexist language or racist slurs or anti-Semitic jokes have no problem at all about using anti-Catholic language, ethnic slurs or Polish jokes." There is still some truth in Writer Peter Viereck's remark in 1959: "Anti-Catholicism is the anti-Semitism of the intellectual."

The idea that anti-Catholicism is rampant strikes most non-Catholic Americans as self-pityingly sensitive or at least inaccurate. Surely, they argue, the years since John Kennedy's election and Vatican II have all but cleansed that particular passage of the American subconscious. The hard evidence of American Catholic successes does not suggest that bigotry has closed the door of the dream. Catholics are Governors in twelve states—including the most populous (Jerry Brown's California, Hugh Carey's New York). Some 13 members of the U.S. Senate are Catholic, and 114 members of the House. Ted Kennedy enjoys the highest popularity among all the presidential possibilities for the 1980 race; his religion is not

an issue. American Catholics, 50 million of them, now earn more money and have more schooling than any other Christians, including the nation's old power elite, the Episcopalians. In income and educational levels, Catholics are second only to American Jews. For generations, Catholics had been blocked from the higher reaches of American corporations and universities, but they are gaining now. Where then is the evidence of anti-Catholic prejudice?

Anti-Catholicism persists, all right. But it is an intricate bigotry, more complicated than racism or anti-Semitism, and its origins lie deep in American history. It would be strange if a few years of ecumenical feeling—or simple religious indifference—could obliterate all trace of what Historian John Higham of Johns Hopkins University has called "the most luxuriant, tenacious tradition of paranoiac agitation in American history."

Anti-Catholicism came over on the *Mayflower*. It was part of the doctrinal baggage that the founding Protestants—whether separatist Puritan, Scottish Presbyterian or Cavalier Anglican

—brought with them. Almost every colony harassed "papists," and some excluded Catholics entirely; priests were liable to arrest in Massachusetts. The Dudley Lectures were established at Harvard in the early 18th century partly to expose, as their founder said, "the Church of Rome as that mystical Babylon, that woman of sin, that apostate church spoken of in the New Testament." In New York in 1741, two Catholics were executed, one for being a "professed papist," the other for being a "popish priest."

When Catholic immigrants began arriving in large waves in the 19th century, anti-Catholicism developed into a profound civic dread. To Yankee eyes, Romanism swarmed in on the jammed immigrant ships, endangering America's agrarian dreams, clogging the cities with cheap labor. The old elites regarded the immigrants as the cannibal that Jefferson had warned against; democracy could not survive such hordes of the ignorant and illiterate with their allegiances to a sinister wizard who dwelled in Rome surrounded by the skeletons of Borgias. (The Catholic immigrants, flocking together in a consciousness of their own differences, and with some desire to preserve them, seemed to confirm nativist fears.) When Pope Pius IX in the 1840s followed the example of European monarchs and sent a block of marble for the Washington Monument, a mob threw it into the Potomac. Through the 1850s, the violently antipapist Know-Nothing Party flourished, to be supplanted in succeeding generations by the Ku Klux Klan, which went after Catholics as well as Jews and blacks.

The growing political power of the poor and uneducated immigrants, notably Irish and Italian, compounded antipathies of members of old elites who felt their own control threatened. To them Catholicism was alien, corrupt; priests and prelates, manipulated long range from the Vatican, contaminated the clear streams of American individualism. Al Smith's presidential campaign in 1928 stirred up poisonous anti-Catholic passions; Smith was a measure of how far Catholics had come in America and how much of an imminent danger they were. "We must save



Thomas Nast cartoon shows invading prelates with mitres like alligators.




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the U.S. from being Romanized and rum-ridden," a Virginia Republican committeewoman wrote in 1927.

Despite these expressions of prejudice, the Catholic Church grew into the most powerful religious body in the U.S. After World War II, Catholics through determination and force of numbers exerted pressures for public aid for parochial schools and hospitals; they interjected themselves into debates on legalized birth control. Such campaigns seemed to give credibility to Paul Blanshard, prolific anti-Catholic pamphleteer. His widely read *American Freedom and Catholic Power* (1949) declared, "The Catholic people of the U.S. are not citizens but subjects in their own religious commonwealth. The secular as well as the religious policies of their church are made in Rome by an organization that is alien in spirit and control."

The old antipathy to Catholicism in America was based largely upon an idea of the church as a powerful and tightly disciplined monolith presided over by a spiritual despot in Rome. But the profound cultural changes of the last generation, a new liberalism and tolerance, have altered not only the American people but also the church and therefore the prejudice against it. The church in America now is often seen not as imposingly monolithic but as beleaguered and fragmented. Its members have become selective and independent, many of them à la carte Catholics who ignore their prelates' guidance on birth control, divorce and other issues. The hierarchy has lost its authority to govern Catholics so entirely in their private lives. Far from being an advancing menace, the church each year falls further behind in its recruiting of men and women to take up the religious life.

The Second Vatican Council did much to remove what was for non-Catholics the ominousness of Catholicism. In 1964 Vatican II abolished the absolutist doctrine that "error has no rights," and instead accepted the right of all religions to worship as they will. Church Latin, unintelligible and sinister to many, gave way to the vernacular, and even sometimes to a rather cloying liturgical sweetness: guitar strumming around the altar, folk songs, the priest rigged out in sunburst vestments that proclaim *HERE COMES THE SON*. Gone are the Legion of Decency, which prescribed and proscribed movies, and the censorious Index of Forbidden Books.

Yet there persist in America two vestigial strains of anti-Catholicism. One is the old and somewhat fading nativist variety—the sort that led the Wisconsin Evangelical Lutheran Synod in the past year to reaffirm its opinion that the Pope is the Antichrist. The second strain, considerably more disturbing because it is so much more "respectable," is the bigotry practiced by certain intellectuals, liberals, humanists and elitists.

Some of the most effective anti-Catholics have been writers who were raised in the Catholic Church and left it, sometimes in paroxysms of guilt. James Joyce's splendidly horrific descriptions of a Catholic boyhood in *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* lent a certain romance to apostasy. In his novels *Principato* and *Farragán's Retreat*, Tom McHale displayed a minor genius for the atmospherics of oppressive ethnic Catholicism. Among certain intellectuals, it is faintly disreputable to be a believing, practicing Catholic; a Catholic becomes spiritually interesting only in his repudiation of the faith.

The most vigorous anti-Catholicism today has been excited by the endlessly inflammatory issue of abortion. Both sides in the decade-long fight have been stirred to intemperate furies. Some of the "pro-choice" zealots have injected a sleazy note of anti-Catholicism. They have often tried to make abortion strictly a Catholic issue, when in fact legalized abortion has been op-

posed by conservative Protestants, the Eastern Orthodox, Mormons, Orthodox Jews and many others. American Catholic bishops are financing a broad political program to outlaw abortion; it is important to remember, of course, that not everyone who disagrees with the Catholic hierarchy on abortion and contraception is an anti-Catholic. But certain ugly notes recur. Two years ago, the Chicago chapter of the Planned Parenthood Federation sent a mailing to college newspapers that included a cartoon showing a Catholic bishop clutching a gasoline can to his breast as if it were a Bible; he was on his way to torch an abortion clinic. In 1972 the Xerox Corp. published a booklet directed at elementary and high school students called *Population Control: Whose Right to Live?* The authors, two independent university professors, implied that Pope Paul VI's teachings on birth control sanctioned the starvation of countless numbers of people around the world and suggested that Roman Catholic students who disagree with the church on the birth control issue consider bringing charges before a world court against the Catholic Church for "crimes against humanity." It appears to many Catholics that the American Civil Liberties Union, which approvingly quotes Catholic views in its opposition to capital punishment, has seemed intent on rescinding Catholics' right to free speech over the abortion issue.

Some Catholics seize upon the anti-Catholic sentiments



A typical rally for legal abortion at St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York in 1973

strewn around during arguments over abortion or contraception and in defensive anger begin to think that the entire non-Catholic society is turning against them. That is simply not true. Both Catholics and non-Catholics can, and do, disagree with the church on some issues without being anti-Catholic. A number of Catholics see evidence that the rest of the country is anti-Catholic if it seems to exclude ethnics—Italians, Irish, Poles and so on—from various opportunities. But that logic is also defective. One-third of the nation's Catholics are His-

panics. Does a prejudice against them equal a prejudice against Catholics? Not really. It is not specifically the Catholicism of ethnics that prompts the residual and now diminishing bigotry that they encounter; it is many things—culture, background, accent, even dress and neighborhoods—with religion mixed up among them.

All religions have changed and suffered secular corrosions, despite signs of revival in recent years. The Catholic Church is even enjoying a certain popularity today among non-Catholics who feel a nostalgic tug of traditionalism, who feel that the church still represents values (family, moral discipline) that have tumbled and collapsed elsewhere in the society. Many Protestants and even agnostics send their children to parochial schools because they sense a moral safety there.

Forms of anti-Catholicism undoubtedly persist. The deeper conflict, however, is not between the Catholic Church and other religions, or between Catholics and people of other faiths. It is between religion and humanism, between the idea of a natural moral law and moral relativism. "All of Western civilization was based on the postulate of a natural moral law," which assumes that man is a creature of God, argues Edward Hanifan, a Catholic and a Boston lawyer. "The currently ascendant philosophy of humanism has an entirely different view of man: he is an autonomous being, with no external controls. Because Catholics happen to be conspicuous exponents of natural moral law, humanists see the church as their barrier, and they are bitter against it." The threat to Catholics is not the snide and supercilious contempt of a casual bigot, but the idea, immensely powerful in the 20th century, that all religion is meaningless.

—Lance Morrow



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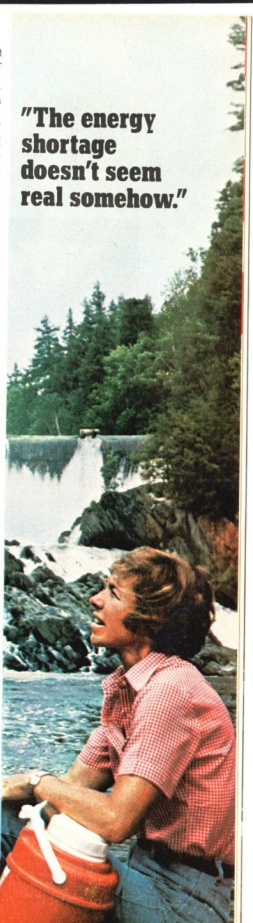
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"Well, I expected some kind of reaction from Carter, but I didn't know he had this sort of influence!"

Nation

Carter Defuses a Crisis

Getting rid of the issue, if not the Soviet brigade, but at some cost

"I was like trying to fly a 747 through Washington's Rock Creek Park." So observed a top White House adviser of the way in which Jimmy Carter last week tried to extricate himself from a predicament mostly of his own making: the inflated fuss over the Soviet combat brigade in Cuba. In a straightforward speech to the nation, he largely defused the diplomatic issue, but by no means satisfied all his critics. Nor did he add any much needed decisiveness to his image as a leader. The net result may, in fact, be the loss of some Senate votes for the SALT II treaty.

The speech was one of the most important of his career, and he showed the strain. He looked pale, drawn and more nervous than usual, and with good reason. He knew he had to put the best possible face on what amounted to retreat. Because the Soviets had refused to back down, Carter was forced to rely on Communist Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev's private assurances that the troops would be used only for training purposes.

In a diplomatic sleight of hand, Carter converted this protestation of innocence into a Soviet pledge. Said he: "Although we have persuasive evidence that

the unit has been a combat brigade, the Soviet statements about the future non-combat status of the unit are significant." He admitted that Moscow has been building up its military presence in Cuba, contributing to "tensions in the Caribbean and the Central American region" and

adding to the "fears of some countries that they may come under Soviet or Cuban pressure." But he concluded that the issue is "certainly no reason for a return to the cold war . . . The greatest danger to all the nations of the world is a breakdown of a common effort to preserve the peace, and the ultimate threat of a nuclear war." At the same time, Carter ordered a series of limited diplomatic and military moves that are designed to keep closer watch on Cuba and to deter the Soviets from further adventurism in the Caribbean and elsewhere.

After the speech, a vastly relieved President walked from the Oval Office to the Roosevelt Room, where 50 friends and aides toasted him with champagne in celebration of his 55th birthday. He still had enough breath left to blow out the eight candles on his birthday cake. "Eight years!" the celebrators shouted. "All right!" replied an obviously pleased President. (He will formally announce his candidacy for re-election on Dec. 4.)

Temporarily at least, he was off the hook. As a key adviser put it, "Cuba was not a serious foreign policy problem, but it grew into a major domestic problem." Added a top State Department official:



The President before giving his speech

Putting the best possible face on a retreat.

Nation

"The President got his priorities in order again. For a while, they were upside down." The trouble started in August, when Senator Frank Church, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, called a press conference and insisted that the brigade be withdrawn. Otherwise, he said, the Senate would not approve SALT. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance made matters worse by declaring that the U.S. would "not be satisfied with the maintenance of the status quo," a statement that he had worked out with Carter. The Administration was off on a course that nobody intended or wanted, one that could have resulted in a nasty and needless confrontation with the Soviets and the defeat of the SALT II treaty in the Senate.

The problem was how to repair the damage. For weeks the Administration pressed Moscow in behind-the-scenes negotiations to back down. But the Soviets would not budge. In a letter to Carter, Brezhnev promised only that the training unit would not change its function or status. No matter how distasteful, the Administration would have to accept the status quo.

Concerned that the White House was reacting too slowly and indecisively, White House Counsel Lloyd Cutler and Senior Adviser Hedley Donovan urged Carter to seek help from the nation's veteran foreign-policy makers. Fifteen prominent men, including Presidential Troubleshooter Clark Clifford, former Secretaries of State Dean Rusk and Henry Kissinger, former Under Secretary of State George Ball and Panama Canal Negotiator Sol Linowitz, were summoned to the White House. First, they were given an intelligence briefing that established the existence of the Soviet brigade. It comprised 2,600 soldiers assigned to two garrisons under the command of a Soviet army colonel. The unit was equipped with 40 tanks, 60 armored personnel carriers and other military hardware. Said an official: "It is clear that the brigade is not there to train Cubans. There is no substantial interplay with Cubans. If it were really a training unit, it was training itself." Though the brigade's purpose remains unclear, the unit does provide a degree of protection for the island while Cubans are busy elsewhere. There are now some 35,000 Cuban troops, technicians and civilian advisers in Africa. In the Caribbean, there are about 450 Cuban advisers in Jamaica, 250 in Nicaragua, 75 in Grenada, 70 in Guyana and 30 in Panama.

Over the weekend the President and his top aides repeatedly consulted the veteran advisers, who were, inevitably, dubbed the wise men. Taking nothing for granted, and drawing on their own experience in Washington, they peppered Administration officials with questions, expressed their doubts and reservations and argued

among themselves. Opinion ranged from hawkish to dovish, with most of the group falling somewhere in between. On Saturday morning they attended a meeting in the White House with National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski. Though he had been on vacation when the Cuban uproar began, he agreed with Vance that it had been overblown. But Brzezinski wanted to use the troop issue as the occasion for initiating broader talks with the Soviets about their activities around the world, while the more lawfully Vance wished to focus on the brigade alone.

Brzezinski asked the wise men to comment on four issues involved in the crisis: the brigade, Caribbean stability, Soviet-Cuban actions in general and SALT. Then he rushed upstairs and dictated a sum-

populist message. Acting as an editor, she put some of the finishing touches on Jimmy's Cuban speech.

The military moves that Carter pledged were not much more menacing than the brigade, a response that indeed fits the provocation. He promised to increase surveillance over Cuba, which he had cut back when he took office in an effort to prepare the way for normalizing relations with Fidel Castro. Carter said he would establish a Caribbean military headquarters in Key West, which a Pentagon official said would be a largely symbolic gesture intended to "show the flag 90 miles north of Cuba." Military maneuvers would be expanded in the Caribbean (including amphibious landings of Marines on the beaches at the Guantánamo Naval Base in Cuba). Finally,

Carter gave assurances that he would speed up development of rapid deployment forces, a group of 100,000 servicemen that will be equipped to fly to any crisis spot in the world on short notice.

Carter's diplomatic moves will probably be more upsetting to the Soviets. Though the Administration officially denied that these actions were linked to the brigade, they were clearly a demonstration of Brzezinski's "principle of reciprocity"; that is, when the U.S.S.R. does something considered damaging to American interests, the U.S. will respond in kind. Last week the Pentagon disclosed that Defense Secretary Harold Brown would go to China at the end of the year to discuss mutual security problems. News was also released of a Defense Department contingency study on the possible sale of weapons to China and the exchange of intelligence in the event of a war between the Soviet Union and the West. Moreover, although the U.S. announced that it was permitting the Soviets to buy a record amount of wheat and corn—25 million metric tons—in the coming year, the Defense Department blocked a sale of advanced computer technology to the U.S.S.R.

The White House actions, however, did not build any momentum behind SALT, whose prospects were set back by the flap over the brigade. Some previously uncommitted Senators seemed to move toward the opposition. Said Minority Leader Howard Baker, who has been against the treaty since June: "I'm afraid what Carter did was nothing at all. In this case, he stood toe to toe with the Soviet Union, and unlike 1962, we blinked." Though Church claimed to be in favor of the treaty, he was drafting a reservation that would require the disbanding of the combat unit before the pact could go into effect. Complained Georgia Democrat Sam Nunn, an influential figure in the SALT debate: "The Soviet Union's mounting military activity in Cuba is the symptom, but Cuba's growing military activity



Church talking with reporters outside the White House
"Eight years!" shouted the celebrators.

many of each man's position to his secretary and took a copy to the President.

By the time that Carter met the group for lunch, he was ready to outline the moderate course that he planned to follow. Said a participant: "It was a concise, brilliant exposition. It was better than his Monday speech." Afterward some of the wise men urged using the troop issue to force a confrontation with the Kremlin over Soviet expansionist policies; others advised playing down the matter because it was too trivial. The majority supported the President. Said one of the moderates: "It was a wise choice diplomatically but tough politically."

After the session, Carter left for Camp David with his wife Rosalynn, who has become increasingly involved in the drafting of his speeches. Described by an aide as "feisty and fierce" these days, she feels that the professional speechwriters are not helping Jimmy get across his simple



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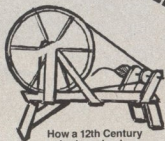
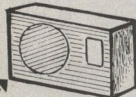
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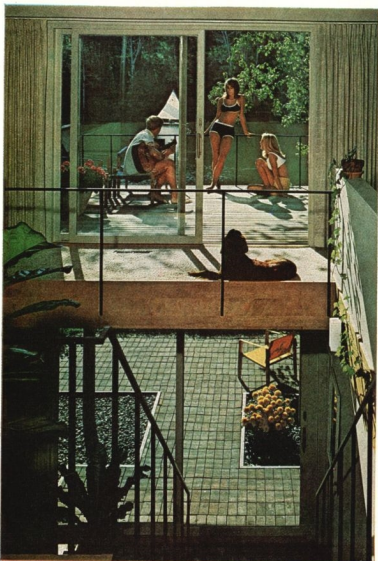
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Nation

in the Third World is the underlying disease.

Public reaction to Carter's disposal of the Cuban issue ranged from the mildly relieved to the immoderately outraged. Stormed the *Dallas Morning News*: "Frankly, we wonder if the American people aren't ready for Carter to get angry about something. Anything." On the other hand, the Boston *Globe* praised Carter for backing out of the Cuban impasse "with as much grace and political sure-footedness as was possible under the cir-

cumstances." Overseas, complaints about weak American leadership were mingled with gratitude that the conflict did not escalate. In a communiqué from Bonn, where they were meeting, West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt and French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing urged that SALT be ratified "whatever other problems there may be on the international scene."

At week's end Secretary Vance indicated that through traditional diplomatic efforts, the U.S. had received more specif-

ic assurances from the Soviets about the brigade than Carter indicated. Going a bit further than any other U.S. spokesman had previously, Vance told *TIME*: "The Soviets have stated that Soviet personnel in Cuba are not and will not be a threat to the U.S. or any other nation. The unit can do nothing more than conduct training functions. It will not be enlarged and it will not be given additional duties." If that is true, the issue should soon subside into the obscurity of the historical footnote that it probably deserves. ■

The Good Life at Gitmo

Christopher Columbus anchored in the bay in 1494. Pirates and privateers used it in the 17th century as a hideout. U.S. forces landed there in 1898 to help the Cubans overthrow their Spanish rulers, and stayed for good. Guantánamo Bay, a pouch-shaped indentation in southeastern Cuba, is one of the world's great natural harbors and, even in an age of intercontinental missiles, strategically valuable. Last week the 45-sq.-mi. bay and the Navy base on its shores took on new significance when Jimmy Carter announced that the Marines would soon come ashore on maneuvers to demonstrate U.S. preparedness.

The U.S. controls Guantánamo Bay, or Gitmo as it is known to servicemen, under a perpetual lease negotiated with the Republic of Cuba in 1903. When Fidel Castro came to power in 1959, he demanded that the Americans leave, but the U.S. refused. In 1964 Cuba cut off water to the base; the U.S. soon constructed water-desalinization and electrical-power plants to make the base self-sufficient. In accordance with the treaty, the U.S. sends Castro a token rent of \$4,000 each year. But for 19 years Castro has let the checks pile up uncashed. Last week *TIME* Correspondent Don Sider made one of the rare visits to the isolated base permitted outsiders. His report:

Gitmo is home to 1,850 sailors, 420 Marines, 16 Coast Guardsmen, 1,713 civilian workers and their 1,800 dependents. They live in drab government housing that is clustered among quonset huts and shabby machine shops, making Gitmo look much like military bases on the mainland. Still, the fact that no one can go beyond the 17.6-mile chain-link fence that surrounds the base ensures that life at Guantánamo Bay is different. There is no direct contact with Cubans off the base. All communications with Havana must be routed through channels on the mainland. One exception is maintenance of the shipping channel, which is used by both U.S. warships and Soviet transports. Silt is now being cleared by a Cuban dredge, with a U.S. observer in attendance.

The base is much like a small American town plunked onto a tropical island. Its 14 Little League teams play every day during the baseball season. The Git-

mo Swingers get together every Thursday for a square dance. Six outdoor theaters show films nightly; they are old, but free. There are a daily tabloid newspaper, three radio stations and a TV station that broadcasts taped network shows—days after they are seen on the mainland. Viewers watch football games of which they already know the outcome. The fishing is great: grouper, snapper and snook. So are the scuba diving and sailing.

The commercial hub is Sherman Avenue, where Harry's Hong Kong Tailor Shop is tucked alongside the base exchange. Gitmo has a zoo, but it has only a handful of animals: a pony and a burro and a few goats, rabbits, ducks and chickens. Because water is expensive, \$7 per 1,000 gal., residents sprinkle their lawns with dirty wash water.

Despite the isolation, families are often reluctant to leave when their two- or three-year assignments are over. Many of them volunteer for another tour. So do the unmarried servicemen, which says something about the quality of the fishing and sailing since there are only 250 single servicemen on the base. Navy Chief Jim Starr explains why his wife and two teen-age daughters are delighted with Gitmo: "We haven't been together this long since 1959." The climate is particularly popular with many Americans. Says Nieta Morrison, wife of the base's executive officer: "I feel like I'm on a vacation." Agrees Base Commander Captain John H. Fetterman Jr.: "It's nice and sunny all the time." But, he adds, "we live in an arena where we have to be alert."

The perimeter fence is protected by a 723-acre minefield and guards carrying M-16s. From time to time, everyone on the base, including women and children, practice evacuation exercises—similar to fire drills on the mainland—just in case of an emergency like the 1962 missile crisis. Even so, the

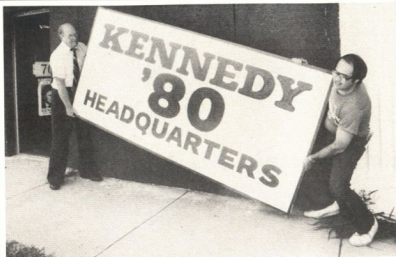
Americans at Guantánamo Bay have taken the flap over the Soviet brigade on Cuba with remarkable calm. One reason is that they have never seen a Soviet soldier, and they see Cuban troops only through binoculars.

Next week there will be considerable excitement at Gitmo, when 1,800 Marines from Camp Lejeune, N.C., hit the beach by helicopter and boat. For four weeks they will live in barracks and tents, simulating siege conditions. When the maneuvers end, the most visible light will again be the one that burns over the tennis court, and Gitmo will return to its tropical ways.



The U.S. Navy base at Guantánamo Bay in Cuba

Nation



Kennedy workers raising a sign at their Fort Lauderdale headquarters

Playing the Florida Game

Carter and Kennedy face off in a quirky contest

Some day it may be a case history in the politics of much ado about nothing; of the latter-day American penchant to be first, even if it is with the least, to launch the presidential sweepstakes; to invent a game if there is no game in town. Welcome, fans, to Florida's theater of the absurd, where on Oct. 13 an unannounced candidate for re-election (Jimmy Carter) is pitted against an unannounced challenger (Edward Kennedy) in a dog-and-pony show without substance beyond what is made of—or made up about—it. A mere 1% of the state's 2.8 million registered Democrats are expected to turn out to vote in 67 county caucuses for slates of people who will have absolutely nothing to say about the delegates that Florida will eventually send to the 1980 Democratic National Convention. No matter. For weeks the money, the press, the cameras, the organizers have been pouring into Florida to blanket this non-event, ensuring that at the very least one of the contenders will emerge grinning with "momentum" and the other with an Aesopian disclaimer that the outcome was, after all, meaningless. Probably both, alas, will be right. **TIME** Correspondent Richard Woodbury reports:

In a tiny, windowless office on West Palm Beach's Datura Street, Erica Bennett last week made one phone call after another to musical booking agents. Finally, she lined up the Gwen McCray group for a free performance at Gains Park next Saturday afternoon for 1,000 young people. But this will be disco with a difference: before going to the dance, each guest will be expected to stop by Forest Hill High School and cast a vote of confidence for Jimmy Carter.

While Bennett was making phone

calls, three volunteers in a stark union hall eight miles northwest of Datura Street were preparing 3-in. by 5-in. cards for mailing to 1,800 members of the local branch of the machinists' union. The cards urged them to stop by Forest Hill High, but not to vote for Carter. Read the message: "Be there, Kennedy Democrats, October 13th."

From the populous Gold Coast to the rural panhandle, Florida Democrats these days are flushed with a premature case of presidential campaign fever. The cause is the round of caucuses on Oct. 13 at which Democrats will choose 878 delegates to a convention on Nov. 16-18 in St. Petersburg. There they will be joined by 839 other delegates, including party officials and officeholders, and cast a straw vote on their preference for the Democratic presidential nominee in 1980. It is one of the quirkiest contests in the history of American politics, since it has a theoretical significance rating of about minus ten. Not until after a primary on March 11 will Florida Democrats select their 100 delegates to the Democratic National Convention.

Nonetheless, the Carter and Kennedy forces are waging an all-out battle over the caucuses, for the real target is not the hearts and minds of Florida's Democrats but the national newspaper headlines. Carter Coordinator Jay Hakes understates matters when he notes that "the perception is as important as the reali-

ty." The Carter supporters want to demonstrate that Kennedy can be defeated. On the other hand, says Sergio Bendixen, co-director of the Kennedy forces, "if we can beat an incumbent President with an unannounced candidate, it's a stunning accomplishment."

The sides seem evenly matched. Carter's forces have a larger organization, including control of the party machinery and loyal party officials in each county, and more money (total budget: \$250,000). For the past several months the White House has been raining appointments and grants on the state. For example, ex-Governor Reubin Askew was made Carter's special trade negotiator, and Miami was awarded a \$2 million grant to rejuvenate the Little Havana district. In addition, the President's people in Washington have dispatched a steady stream of high-level visitors, starting with the President and Rosalynn Carter in late August. Mrs. Carter has been back twice.

What the draft-Kennedy forces lack in money (total budget: \$175,000) and big-name resources, they make up for in youthful spirits and shoe leather. They have hundreds of volunteers, directed by a small but experienced team of campaign veterans. It is a bare-knuckle fight. Observes A.J. Boland, Democratic chairman in Escambia County in the panhandle: "They're shooting to kill here, fighting like cats and dogs. The Kennedy people in the county intend to march their slate, 32 strong, to the voting place in a mass, to prevent last-minute defections."

The bloodiest battlegrounds are the urban areas. In Broward County, Carter

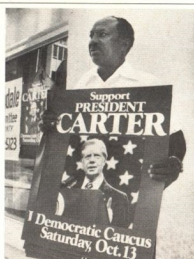


All fired up for Teddy

Chairman Larry Hochendoner has set up a bank of phones, manned by six women volunteers, in his Fort Lauderdale headquarters. Last week they were in the midst of calling 20,000 registered Democrats. "This is not a conversion process," observed Hochendoner. "The

name of the game is identifying and delivering votes." The phone calls went like this: "Hello, I'm calling for the President. How do you intend to vote on the 13th?" If the answer was for Kennedy, the conversation was ended. If the Democrat seemed to favor Carter, the volunteer noted the voter's name on a white legal pad. For those who need transportation, Hochendoner has lined up 50 buses, at an average cost of \$100 each.

Even so, voting will require considerable stamina. Some Democrats will have to travel 30 miles to a polling place—there is only one in each county—and wait up to two hours for their ballots, which can be a yard long and contain as many as 800 names. Just to make matters



Carter supporter in West Palm Beach

more complicated, the candidates will be listed in alphabetical order, with nothing to indicate whether they support Carter or Kennedy. As a result, each camp is passing out lists of delegates to supporters, so they will know how to mark their ballots.

On the other side of Fort Lauderdale, in a loft on U.S. Highway 1, volunteers in blue Kennedy T shirts were also working at a bank of phones, trying to line up blocs of voters—from elderly residents of condominiums to youthful opponents of nuclear power. The volunteers are fired up with a sense of mission. Said Salesman John Adams: "The whole world is watching. We have a chance to bring big change in the country, right from this county."

Nowhere is the battle between the two camps fiercer than in Dade County, which includes Miami and will select the most delegates, 188. The Kennedy side is led by Mike Abrams, who operates out of a public relations agency on Biscayne Boulevard. At a meeting of 400 workers in the grand ballroom of the Dupont Plaza Hotel, he announced that the Kennedy workers would wear "K" stickers on caucus day so that they can be identified and

served Cokes as they wait in line. Joked he: "The other side will probably have caviar, but all of you bring 25 people and we will win." His fleet of caucus-day vehicles includes seven black limousines from funeral homes.

Abrams' former wife Nancy is a leader of the Carter forces in Dade County. She is a veteran of the 1976 Carter presidential campaign and works out of her own public relations agency in Miami. Said she: "Mike is a good organizer, but we have most of the party organization, and we are outmaneuvering him." Her chief complaint is that Mike took a list of 3,000 activist party people with him when he joined the Kennedy side and refuses to share it with her. Gripped Nancy: "We need those badly. We're denied access." To which Mike and the other Kennedy people replied in effect: "Hogwash."

But as it may, Nancy Abrams and crew were doing their best to out-ola the Kennedy people in taking care of the voters on caucus day. Said Nancy: "Whoever takes care of them best has the key." In addition to cold drinks, she and her workers will offer them umbrellas and seats. She boasted: "We have plenty of buses, all air conditioned." Said she of her side's supporters: "Sure there's dissatisfaction with Carter, but people aren't ready to switch. There are underlying bad feelings about Kennedy."

Given the small turnout that is expected, as few as 100 votes could decide many of the contests, even in the big counties. In any event, no matter who wins the caucuses, President Carter is the heavy favorite to carry the straw vote in November, because his followers dominate the party machinery and hold most of the elective offices. Of 135 seats at the convention already assigned by party executive committees, Carterites claim they have all but ten. Said Carter volunteer Chip Ford of Miami of the caucus results: "Who is to say who has won? The true meaning of it all, who knows?" On the other hand, observed Lawyer Bill McCarthy, a Kennedy backer in Miami: "Since everyone is looking, what we are doing is important."

Exit Kreps

The ark loses its skipper

In 1972 she became the first woman director of the New York Stock Exchange. That same year she was the first woman appointed to the prestigious James B. Duke professorship in economics at Duke University. Finally, in 1977, she was the first woman to become Secretary of Commerce. Last week Juanita Kreps walked into the Oval Office and told Jimmy Carter she was resigning for "altogether personal" reasons—the sixth person to leave his Cabinet. Said an associate: "She has a desire to spend more time with her husband and three kids, to read a good book, and maybe even have a relaxed meal."

Kreps is especially concerned about her husband Clifton, a retired professor of banking in the business school at the University of North Carolina, who suffers from periodic bouts of depression. In June he shot himself in the head. Since his release from a hospital two weeks ago, he has been living in Washington with his wife. They have not yet decided whether to return to Duke, where Kreps has been offered her old job.

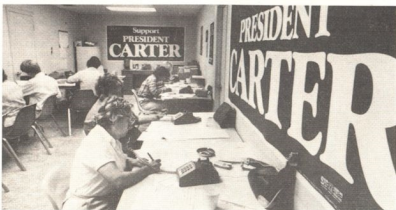
As Commerce Secretary, she won encomiums from colleagues and White House aides. The department has 30,000 employees, a budget of \$3.2 billion and a heterogeneous collection of responsibilities ranging from taking the census every ten years to collecting economic statistics every month. Kreps once quipped: "The only difference between Commerce and Noah's ark is that Commerce has only one of everything."

Kreps proved to be a talented bureaucratic infighter, despite her soft-spoken manner. She persuaded the White House to transfer to Commerce some of the Treasury Department's import-regulating duties. She also caused Commerce to take a more active role in promoting international trade. In May she initiated the U.S.-China trade agreement in Canton. But she was never allowed into Carter's inner circle of economic policymakers, whom she once dubbed "the boys at breakfast."

The list of her possible successors includes Under Secretary Luther Hodges Jr., son of Kennedy's Commerce Secretary, and Anthony Solomon, the Treasury Department's Under Secretary for Monetary Affairs. Both have the qualifications believed to be uppermost in Carter's mind: expertise in economics and the ability to work well with American businessmen, which Kreps did with grace and considerable skill.



Juanita Kreps



Volunteers urging Democrats to show up at the caucuses and vote for the President

"Who is to say who has won? The true meaning of it all, who knows?"



Jubilant Panamanians celebrate their country's takeover of the Canal Zone at Albrook Field ceremonies

World

PANAMA

No More Tomorrows

An era ends, as the U.S. quits the Canal Zone

In the port of Balboa, workmen nailed up a sign reading BIENVENIDO AL PUERTO DE BALBOA—BRIDGE OF THE WORLD. As evening fell, a solemn, subdued crowd of Americans watched as the Stars and Stripes was lowered—for the last time—at the U.S.-operated headquarters of the Panama Canal Co. Next morning an animated group of Panamanians cheered as their country's white, red and blue banner was run up a new flagpole atop bush-covered Ancon Hill. The Panama Canal Zone, the 648-sq.-mi. enclave that had been under U.S. sovereignty since 1903, had ceased to exist. Its absorption by Panama was the first step in a process that will give that country control of the Big Ditch by the year 2000.

For many Americans the timing of the ceremonies—even though they were mandated by a treaty that the Senate had passed and President Carter had signed—could not have been worse: The furor at home over the Soviet combat troops in Cuba was an uncomfortable reminder that the Caribbean was no longer an "American lake." Those troops, as well as the leftist tinge of the Cuban-assisted revolution that overthrew Nicaraguan Strongman Anastasio Somoza, raised fears that the canal faced a remote threat.

To Panamanians, recovering the Canal Zone, as one local paper quaintly put it, was like liberating a child who had been kidnapped for a long time. "Only five more days," exulted the Panamanian daily *El Matutino*, awaiting the ceremonies that marked the change in sovereignty.

To ensure a large crowd at the festivities, the government declared a national holiday; Panamanians were urged by radio, proclamation and word of mouth to enter the zone and attend a rally at the field of Albrook Air Force Station. There were a handful of anti-American outbursts; shortly after midnight on the day of the turnover, a small band of poor Panamanians tore up an American flag.

Most Panamanians, however, were in

a rejoicing mood. More than 150,000 of them (out of a population of 1.9 million) showed up at the Albrook rally, which was attended by Vice President Walter Mondale and the leaders of many Latin American governments. They shrieked in joy as Mexican President José López Portillo, fresh from his summit with Jimmy Carter, praised "the disappearance of the humiliating injustice of the enclave that has long divided" Central America. Notably absent from the ceremonies was Panamanian Strongman Omar Torrijos Herrera, who had negotiated the pact with the U.S. He apparently did not wish to upstage his hand-picked successor as President, Aristides Royo.

The ceremony was a nostalgic but bitter occasion for the 3,500 American canal workers in the zone. The Zonians, as they are called, were witnessing the end of their cherished home away from home, a small piece of America transplanted to a well-tended tropical setting beside the beloved waterway. Anti-American propaganda held that the Zonians had reveled in colonial splendor amid the surrounding squalor of Panama. In truth, their homes were modest by U.S. standards and their incomes only adequate. Said one longtime Zonian, on his way for a last rum punch at the historic Spanish colonial-style Washington Hyatt Hotel in Colón: "We saved the best things of the American way of life."

The Zonians' dismay at the Carter Administration's "giveaway" of the Canal Zone burst into the open at a flag-



A young Zonian weeps for her lost homeland

lowering ceremony at Balboa High School. "Jimmy stinks," chanted a group of American students standing outside the school as the U.S. flag was lowered. Zonians joked that *Foul Play*, the film showing at the local theater, was grimly appropriate; the movie was replaced the day after the turnover by *El Expreso de los Espías*, a spy film starring Robert Shaw and Lee Marvin that was titled *Avalanche Express* in the U.S. Shortly before the switch in sovereignty, many Americans sported T shirts with defiant emblems. One pictured a green monster raising its middle finger and the legend TO JIMMY FROM THE CANAL ZONE.

About 500 Zonian workers and their families have flown back to the U.S. Those who are staying are apprehensive about the future. Panamanians, who already constitute about 75% of the zone's work force, are being trained to replace them. Until the Panamanians are ready, American technicians are needed to operate the waterway. And until 1990, an American will serve as the canal's chief administrator, with a Panamanian deputy; after that, the posts will be reversed. Says Deputy Administrator Fernando Manfredo: "We need to train Panamanians, but instead of being ready in 20 years, I feel we can be ready to take over by 1990."

That may not be soon enough for the most nationalistic Panamanians, who oppose the provisions that give the U.S. the military right to guarantee the canal's security in perpetuity. Lieut. General Dennis McAuliffe is retiring as commander of the 9,200 U.S. troops who will remain in bases near the canal. As the takeover neared, he expressed concern: "I know they will be coming in here planting little Panamanian flags all over the place. Some will even be planting flowers. I just hope they are not going to be planting rocks." McAuliffe, who will stay on in Panama as the first American administrator of a new canal commission, was referring to the nationalistic riots that helped to persuade the U.S. that it should consider restoring the zone to Panama's control.

By and large, the transition went smoothly. At the stroke of midnight on the appointed day, a team of Panamanian telecommunications workers, led by Torrijó's brother Mardín, took over the Balboa post office from American officials. Over the next 30 months, Panamanians will assume full control over courts, police and prisons. Meanwhile, the U.S. Government is trying to make things as comfortable as possible for the remaining Zonians. They will have PX privileges at the army bases to compensate for their loss of the subsidized commissary once run by the now defunct Panama Canal Co. They will also receive free postage, and schooling for their children will be provided by the Pentagon. Said Major General Harold Parfitt, the 17th and last governor of the zone, who is going home to Texas: "There will be no tomorrows, only yesterdays, for the Canal Zone."

BRITAIN

The Left Jerks on Labor's Reins

Tony Benn's radicals bridle Callaghan's power

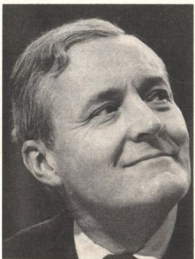
It was one of the most bruising internal struggles in the 79-year history of the British Labor Party. At a mauling annual conference in Brighton last week, a successful left-wing challenge wrested effective control of the party from moderate Leader James Callaghan. It pointed toward a radical policy shift that could shake up British politics for years to come. It catapulted leftist Chieftain Tony Benn into a front-running position as heir apparent to the party leadership.

The leftist power stroke had been building ever since the crushing victory of Margaret Thatcher's Tories in the national election last May, which left the Labor Party dispirited and divided. Party membership has dwindled to a meager 284,000, only 3% of the vote cast for Labor in May. At the local level, it is increasingly dominated by hard-left activists opposed to the centrists and rightists

er play that might wreck the party, but they could not stem the leftist tide.

By solid majorities, the left won out on two of the three proposals. The task of drafting the manifesto was put into the hands of the national executive committee, robbing the party leader of his veto power in shaping policy. From now on Members of Parliament will have to submit to renomination by their local constituency parties midway through their terms—making them "poodles" on a short leash, as one moderate M.P. angrily remarked. Only the bloc votes of some moderate trade unions saved Callaghan from defeat on the third proposal: the choice of the party leader will remain in the hands of the "parliamentary party," the elected M.P.s, and will not shift, as the Benn faction demanded, to a broad-based electoral college.

The right was battered at the rostrum



Leftist Tony Benn savors his triumph



Leader Callaghan ponders his setback

Dispirited moderates offered little resistance to the grass-roots challenge.

who look to Callaghan. When Benn and his core of radicals who dominate the party's national executive committee mounted their challenge at Brighton, Callaghan and his allies put up surprisingly feeble resistance.

The leftists' aim was to change three key features of the party's constitution: 1) the procedure for drafting the party manifesto, an electoral document that is considered far more binding than U.S. party platforms; 2) the degree of control that the "constituency parties," or local committees, exercise over their M.P.s; and 3) the method of choosing the party leader. Constitutional changes were necessary, the Benn forces argued, in order to make the party more accountable to the rank and file. Callaghan and his fellow moderates denounced the plan as a pow-

er in three days of bitter and derisive debate. At the outset, Party Chairman Frank Allaun, a left-wing M.P., blamed Callaghan and the Cabinet directly for losing the election. Defeated M.P. Tom Litterick, from Birmingham, angrily hurled a sheaf of papers on the conference floor and shouted, "This is what Jim did with our policies—aye, he fixed all of us! He fixed me in particular." A stream of leftist speakers complained that Callaghan's party had traded socialist doctrine for "watered-down Toryism."

By the time Callaghan took the podium in the Brighton Center, the fight was all but lost. The hall bristled with hostility as he rose to speak. Unruffled, the former Prime Minister delivered a dignified defense of his record: "I claim without apology, I claim proudly, a fine record of

World

manifesto achievements carried out by a minority government." The blame, he implied, lay with the winter of strikes and labor unrest that had set the national mood for the Tory victory. He concluded with a call for unity: "Let's avoid party-bashing among each other. Let's have a bit of Tory-bashing for a change." The plea drew a tepid response.

Callaghan, 67, took his setback philosophically. "My mind is quiet," he later said privately. He promised his inner circle that he would stay on as leader at least through the 1980 conference in Blackpool. But with Callaghan's authority now seriously damaged, potential successors are already jockeying for position. His own favorite is former Chancellor of the Exchequer Denis Healey, who bravely defended Callaghan in Brighton as the party's "greatest asset." But if the leftists succeed next year in gaining control of the selection process—as they nearly did last week—the front runner will be Tony Benn.

A 54-year-old aristocrat, who disclaimed his title in 1963 (and later shortened his name from Anthony Wedgwood Benn), he was weaned on politics. At Oxford, where he received an M.A. in history, Benn was president of the select Oxford Union and a masterly debater. He won the first of his twelve elections to Parliament from Bristol South-East in 1950 and served in several Labor Cabinets. Benn's politics veered toward the radical left about ten years ago, when he embraced a Fabian socialism tinged with Marxism. Once coy about his ambition to become party leader, he recently declared that he "would like very much to be elected to that office."

At Brighton his mere appearance on the dais sparked more spirited applause than Callaghan's best lines had received. Speaking in a sibilant, upper-class accent, his cricketer-pink cheeks crinkling with earnestness, the former viscount called for bold economic and social reforms and vowed to wage "a tremendous battle" against "decaying capitalism." One hint of policies to come under a future Benn government: a conference vote in favor of renationalizing—without compensation—the industries that the Thatcher government is partially selling off to the private sector.

In an eleventh-hour bid to rally the demoralized moderates, former Education Minister Shirley Williams, who lost her parliamentary seat last May, exhorted them to "stand up and start fighting for yourselves!" Though it was too late to beat the leftists at Brighton, the moderates have now established a so-called Committee for a Labor Victory in an effort to regain control of the party. Meanwhile, both sides of the mangled party will be fighting each other as well as the Tory government, which could only cheer Prime Minister Thatcher. As the conservative *Daily Express* wryly noted, "With enemies like that, who needs friends?" ■



Demonstrators on Peking street protest the closing of an unofficial art exhibit

CHINA

Second Thoughts on the Chairman

Not even Mao was perfect, it turns out

Propped up by two solicitous aides, Ye Jianying, 81, the venerable chairman of the National People's Congress, tottered up to the rostrum last week to deliver the keynote speech for China's 30th anniversary celebration. As it was meant to, his appearance before an audience of 11,000 packed into Peking's Great Hall of the People emotionally evoked the most sacred day in the calendar of Chinese Communism: Oct. 1, 1949, when Ye and other victorious revolutionary leaders stood at the side of Mao Tse-tung as the Great Helmsman proclaimed the People's Republic of China, declaring: "The Chinese people have stood up."

Ye's anniversary address was hardly all boast and triumph. He made plain in his nationally televised speech that the ideals of the revolution had failed to become tangible reality, and he implicitly placed much of the blame on the late Great Helmsman. Pushing de-Maoification to its furthest limit to date, Ye made the electrifying charge that Mao's Cultural Revolution of 1966-69 had been an outright "calamity." Said he: "The most severe reversal of our socialist cause since the founding of the People's Republic," the Cultural Revolution "plunged our country into divisiveness and chaos abhorred by the people, into blood baths and terror." The scapegoats explicitly singled out were the late Lin Biao

(Lin Piao), once Mao's chosen successor, and Jiang Qing (Chiang Ch'ing), Mao's widow and ringleader of the "Gang of Four." Still, Ye was clearly pointing at Mao when he stated that "leaders are not gods; they are not infallible and therefore should not be deified."

Ye also repudiated two other major policies associated with Mao. In connection with the 1957 campaign against "bourgeois rightists," Ye said, "the mistake was made of broadening the scope of the struggle." It was a euphemistic but clear reference to the imprisonment of more than 100,000 of Mao's opponents who were not released until after his death in 1976. Ye had a similar complaint about the 1958-60 Great Leap Forward that left China's economy in a shambles. Said Ye: "We made the mistake of making arbitrary decisions, being boastful and stirring up a 'Communist storm.'"



Late Head of State Liu Shaoqi

Seated on the dais behind Ye were many officials who had fallen afoul of the Cultural Revolution. Chief among them was Senior Vice Premier Deng Xiaoping, 75, whose emergence in 1977 as China's top leader had now made Ye's candor possible. Last week Deng seemed more determined than ever to undo the damage of Mao's fiercely radical policies and set China on an irreversible course toward modernization. One way was to pack China's governing institutions with his supporters:



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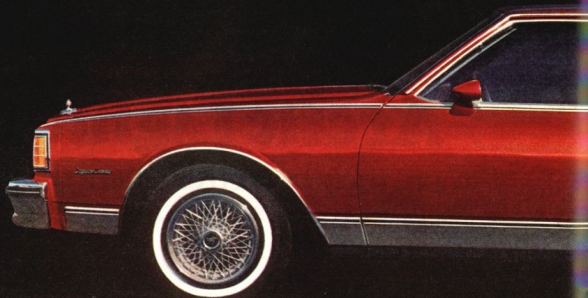
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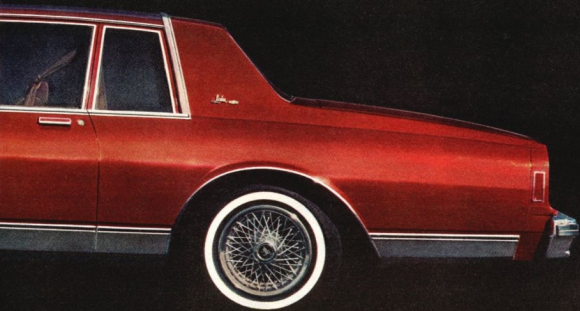


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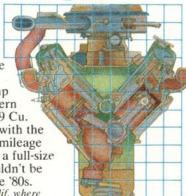
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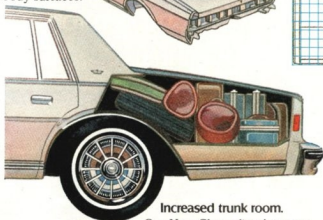
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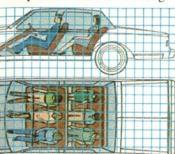
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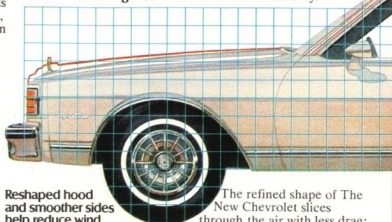
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World

on the eve of the anniversary, twelve elderly victims of the Cultural Revolution were elevated to the Central Committee while two other longtime Deng allies, Peng Zhen, 77, and Zhao Ziyang, 61, were added to the select Politburo. Deng could thus count on the loyalty of 19 of the 29 members of China's top ruling body.

Apparently cooperating with Deng and his gerontocracy was Chairman Hua Guofeng, 57, who made his own contribution to de-Maoification. In a long-winded toast at a state banquet commemorating the anniversary, Chairman Hua did not once mention Chairman Mao.

In keeping with the business-like mood of Deng's modernization effort, the 30th celebration was strikingly subdued. Gone were the lavish fireworks displays and parades of earlier anniversaries. Still, the New China News Agency had promised that Peking would be given "a new look, with many billboards freshly painted." As it turned out, this meant that some Mao quotations were painted over and replaced with road safety signs and exhortations to strive for modernization. Peking's 7.5 million population salvaged some holiday spirit from the capital's markets, which were specially stockpiled with 1 million chickens and 300,000 ducks, geese, grouse, hare and fish. In addition, stores were supplied with copious quantities of *mao-tai*, a fiery liquor as potent as rocket fuel.

An anniversary day was also marked by a noisy demonstration. Some 400 disgruntled citizens marched to Peking's city hall to protest against the police who had dismantled an outdoor exhibit of unofficial art. Said one of the banners carried aloft on Qian Men Street: "If you want political democracy, you must have democracy for art." Officials benignly promised to forward their complaints and petitions to higher authorities. The fact that the demonstrators dared to take to the streets at all during the national holiday underscored the stop-go permissiveness toward dissent that characterizes Deng's regime. Following a crackdown last spring, similar public protests have been taking place with increasing frequency. Hundreds of poor peasants regularly travel to Peking to object to rural living conditions.

The chief posthumous beneficiary of the celebrations may turn out to be Liu Shaoqi (Liu Shao-chi), the former Chinese head of state who was Mao's main rival in the power struggle of the early 1960s and who reportedly died in disgrace in 1969. There were signs that his escutcheon might soon be refurbished. In his speech Ye paid Liu an indirect compliment by mentioning the "great importance" of a party congress that had been dominated by Liu. More dramatic was the sudden re-emergence of Liu in a huge new painting depicting the leaders who had assembled with Mao—and Ye—for the proclamation of the People's Republic three decades ago.

MIDDLE EAST

Further Travels with Jesse

For Jackson, Chicago was never like this

It used to be Henry Kissinger who stole headlines jetting from one Middle East capital to another in a search for peace known as shuttle diplomacy. Last week, however, it seemed that the Rev. Jesse Jackson had set out to prove the shuttle is a vehicle that more than one can ride.

The week before, the civil rights leader toured Israel, Jordan and Lebanon, where he had met with Palestine Liberation Organization Chairman Yasser Arafat. That was phase one of his self-appointed mission to promote U.S. and Israeli acceptance of the P.L.O. Phase two was a meeting in Cairo with Egypt's President Anwar Sadat. During the session

the hope of winning Israeli recognition, Arafat immediately called a meeting of the P.L.O. Central Council for a verdict. "I don't need advice from Sadat or anybody else on how to run our affairs," Arafat is reported to have told the council members, recommending a flat rejection. The council turned down the Sadat proposal without bothering to take a vote.

In the meantime Jackson had arrived in Damascus, only to be stricken with gastroenteritis, an inflammation of the lining of the stomach and intestines. He was forced to interrupt a session with Assad the next day in order to check into a hospital for a "stomach wash." The Syrian



P.L.O. Chief Yasser Arafat greets a bedridden Jesse Jackson in a Beirut hospital

A sudden exercise in shuttle diplomacy ended in a case of gastroenteritis.

Sadat apparently decided that Jackson was a useful mediator, as the next morning, he recalled him for a "ten minute" meeting. The ten minutes stretched into more than an hour, after which Jackson announced that Sadat "asked me to send Mr. Arafat a specific message... that this is the moment for a cease-fire. The repercussions of [Arafat's] declaring a cease-fire would be as great as [Sadat's] having gone to Jerusalem."

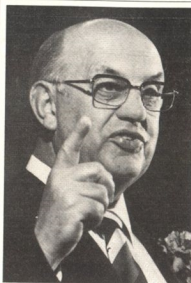
Though Jackson had intended a return visit to Beirut and a trip to Damascus, Sadat now suddenly sent him in a presidential jet bearing personal messages to the P.L.O. chief and to Syrian President Hafez Assad. Sadat's bizarre action left diplomatic observers puzzled, as Jackson was a newcomer to Middle East politics, and there were more appropriate Arab candidates at hand. Jackson, nevertheless, left immediately for Beirut, where he briefed Arafat on Sadat's proposal: cessation of P.L.O. hostilities against Israel in

leader greeted Jackson warmly but firmly rejected Sadat's overture.

Shuttling back to Beirut for a third huddle with Arafat, Jackson suffered a relapse and wound up in the American University of Beirut Hospital. Later in the evening Yasser Arafat and his aides turned up for a twelve-minute bedside chat, making it clear that the P.L.O.'s military action against Israel would continue. The P.L.O. issued a six-point declaration stating that it had ceased cross-border operations from Lebanon; but there was no mention of a cessation of operations within Israel itself.

Jackson, however, seemed undaunted. Back in Chicago at week's end, he said he had brought back a P.L.O. communiqué for President Carter. Earlier, he had shrugged off suggestions that he was an agitator who might jeopardize complex formal negotiations. "If the agitator is that part of the washing machine that shakes out the dirt," he said, "that's O.K."

World



Botha wags a warning in Pretoria

SOUTH AFRICA

"Adapt or Die"

An end to "petty apartheid"?

"K affirboethiel" (nigger lover), a stocky man in a safari suit yelled at the political speaker in the Transvaal town of Rustenburg. A burly youth then launched a right hook at the heckler. Scuffles erupted throughout the hall before baton-swinging police managed to restore a semblance of order.

The taunt was the kind of hostility that diehard Afrikaners usually direct at opponents of South Africa's ruling National Party and its harsh policy of apartheid. This time, however, the target was none other than Stephanus ("Fanie") Botha, Labor Minister in the Cabinet of Prime Minister P.W. Botha. To the horror of the Nationals' conservative *verkrampte* wing, Botha has proposed the progressive dismantling of "petty apartheid," the complex web of racial laws and regulations that has governed virtually every aspect of South African life since the Afrikaners gained political control in 1948.

Challenging his fellow Afrikaners to "adapt or die," Botha announced last week that he would seek new laws permitting black workers who do not have permanent resident status in white areas to organize trade unions. He also proposed changes that would permit blacks to eat in white restaurants and qualify them for higher-paying jobs now reserved for whites. Most shocking to traditionalist Afrikaners: suggestions of a possible repeal of the Mixed Marriages Act and the Immorality Act, the laws under which more than 15,000 South Africans have been prosecuted for marrying or having sexual relations across the color line. Botha urged the reforms with rhetoric that

is mild by U.S. standards but nearly inflammatory for a dedicated member of the Broederbond, the Afrikaner secret society. Said he: "There are higher things in life than to stare at the color of a man's skin. We are prepared to allow black people into our kitchens to prepare our food, but the moment a black appears next to us in the post office, we say, 'Go away.' What kind of nonsense is that?"

Also envisioned are changes in so-called "grand apartheid," the long-range plan to divide South Africa into a constellation of ten "independent" tribal enclaves scattered across a surrounding white territory, which includes 84% of the country. Three such homelands (Transkei, Bophuthata-Tswana and Venda) have already received their nominal freedom. But the scheme has been roundly criticized because most of the new states are fragmented parcels with few resources. Botha and his advisers are now redrawing the boundaries of these mini-nations, so that they will be contiguous and better endowed economically. If the scheme is completed, the new nations would be linked in an economic community but remain—on paper, at least—control of local legislation.

Botha's sweeping liberalization strategy is based on a cold-blooded assessment of his country's increasingly vulnerable security position. If Britain's effort to produce genuine majority rule in neighboring Zimbabwe Rhodesia succeeds, South Africa can expect to become the next target of resentful black Africans, who are determined to erase every vestige of white rule from the continent. In these terms, the proposed reforms are essentially an attempt to stave off future revolution.

Not surprisingly, the new moderation has touched off a storm of protest. Jaap Marais, leader of the intransigent Reformed National Party denounced the proposals as "cowardly appeasement that can only lead to the white man's downfall and annihilation." Connie Mulder, former Minister of Information who was banished from the ruling party for his involvement in South Africa's recent infuencing scandal, defiantly announced the formation of a new opposition group, a pro-apartheid Action Front for National Priorities. One indication that Mulder's party might have a future emerged from four by-elections at week's end. Fewer than 35% of the eligible whites, one of the lowest turnouts in the past 30 years, turned up at the polls and returned Nationalist candidates to safe seats.

South Africa's 20 million blacks, meanwhile, are more skeptical than grateful. They believe the reforms would still fall far short of the full equality they want. Scoffs Bishop Desmond Tutu, secretary-general of the South African Council of Churches: "All this amounts to is shifting furniture around, but leaving the room just the same."

JAPAN

Echoes of Cuba

Other Soviets on other islands

A Soviet military buildup on an offshore island uncomfortably close to home. Sharp internal disagreement among rival politicians and policymakers over just how much of a "threat" the buildup posed. Government demands for a Soviet withdrawal, brusquely rejected by Moscow.

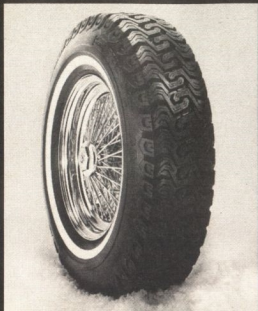
A replay of the Soviet-troops-in-Cuba affair? Not exactly, but the controversy surrounding new military preparations on the tiny Soviet-held island of Shikotan off the coast of Japan did bear some striking similarities. In Tokyo last week Japan's top defense official, Gannri Yamashita, reported to the Cabinet that over the past year the Soviet Union has deployed up to 12,000 combat troops on Shikotan and two other isles in the southern Kurils, less than twelve miles off Japan's northeastern shore. The division-level force, he said, was equipped with tanks, SAM antiaircraft missiles and about a dozen Hind assault helicopters.

The Japanese Foreign Ministry expressed its "serious concern" over the island force and "the hope" that the Soviets would withdraw it for the sake of "neighborly relations." Soviet Ambassador to Tokyo Dmitri Polyanskiy, however, rejected the protest as a "reckless act of interference in Soviet internal affairs." That added insult to injury, because Tokyo disputes Moscow's claims over the islands, which have been occupied by Soviet troops since the end of World War II.

Eager for new spending appropriations, officials of Japan's self-defense forces stressed the potential "Soviet threat" to Japan's main northern island of Hokkaido. But Premier Masayoshi Ohira, who was busy with the final stage of Japan's election campaign, tried to play down the controversy. Among other things, he feared that a strident debate over the islands would further poison Soviet-Japanese relations, already damaged by Tokyo's friendship treaty with China last year. Accordingly, his Foreign Minister, Sunao Sonoda, dolefully cautioned against "overreaction," sounding very much like U.S. officials on the Cuban issue. ■



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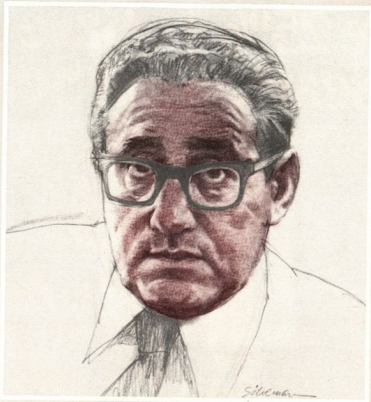
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WHITE HOUSE YEARS: PART 3

CRISIS AND CONFRONTATION

BY HENRY KISSINGER

War in Jordan. Should the U.S. intervene, or should it give Israel the go-ahead to help King Hussein with attacks against the Syrian invaders? "I have decided it," says Richard Nixon in a dawn phone conversation with Henry Kissinger. "Don't ask anybody else. Tell him [Israel's Yitzhak Rabin], 'Go.'"

War on the Indian subcontinent. Would the Chinese jump in on Pakistan's side? Would the Soviets then move against China? "We were on the verge of a possible showdown. If the Soviet Union threatened China, we would not stand idly by. A country we did not recognize and with which we had had next to no contact for two decades would obtain some significant assistance."

These are among the dramatic moments described by Kissinger in this final installment of *TIME*'s excerpts from his forth-

coming memoirs, *White House Years*. Kissinger muses on the statesman's craft ("Competing pressures tempt one to believe that an issue deferred is a problem avoided; more often it is a crisis invited"); assesses Charles de Gaulle, the Shah of Iran, Golda Meir and Yitzhak Rabin; and sums up the philosophy that he believes should guide U.S. foreign policy. He concludes with a moving essay on the role of faith in a technocratic age.

White House Years will be published on Oct. 23 by Little, Brown (1,521 pages; \$22.50). It covers Kissinger's service as National Security Adviser during Nixon's first term and ends with the signing of a Viet Nam peace agreement in January 1973. A second volume will recount the period up to January 1977, during most of which he was Secretary of State.

MIDDLE EAST MANEUVERS

"As 1970 began," writes Kissinger, "the gods of war were inspecting their armaments, for it was clear they would soon be needed." Israeli bombers were conducting "deep penetration" raids on Cairo and the Nile Delta. Moscow was installing its most sophisticated surface-to-air missiles near the Nile and the Suez Canal, and at least 15,000 Soviet combat personnel were in Egypt to operate and defend the sites. Despite the growing danger of an Egyptian-Israeli war, however, the biggest blowup of 1970 occurred in Jordan. Twice in three months, Palestinian guerrillas tried to assassinate Jordan's King Hussein. When the King's troops began retaliating against the fedayeen, it looked as if the Soviet-backed regimes of Iraq and Syria might intervene. To complicate matters further, guerrillas hijacked four foreign airliners in early September and directed three of them to a dirt airstrip 30 miles from the Jordanian capital of Amman: there they held hundreds of passengers as ransom for imprisoned fedayeen. "Black September," the climactic clash between Hussein and the guerrillas who increasingly threatened his rule, was beginning to unfold. To weigh the situation, Kissinger activated his crisis committee, the Washington Special Action Group (WSAG). At the group's urging, the U.S. began placing airborne infantry units on alert and moving planes and ships into the eastern Mediterranean to discourage meddling by the Soviets or their clients.

If the Soviet Union had pressed for the release of hostages and a cease-fire around Sept. 10, the gain for the fedayeen would have been massive; the authority of the King would have been gravely weakened. Instability in Jordan would have been added to insecurity along the Suez Canal; Soviet prestige would have been demonstrated and reinforced. But by getting too greedy—by not helping to rein in their clients—the Soviets gave us the opportunity to restore the equilibrium before the balance of forces had been fundamentally changed.

At the end of the second week in September, the Palestinians had destroyed all four airplanes but had achieved no basic concessions either from the U.S. or from Israel. Our tone had become increasingly firm; we were almost hourly augmenting our military forces in the area. At this point, whether because our readiness measures had given him a psychological lift or because he was reaching the point of desperation, Hussein resolved on an all-out confrontation with the fedayeen.

Late on Sept. 15, Dean Brown, our newly arrived Ambassador to Jordan, sent in an urgent cable from Amman that Hussein had decided to re-establish law-and-order in his capital. After surrounding the city with loyal troops, Hussein on Sept. 17 boldly ordered his army into Amman. Large-scale fighting broke out, spreading also to the north of Jordan around Irbid.

Now that civil war had erupted in Jordan, a rapid deployment of U.S. forces was vital to discourage any temptations. I discussed this at great length with Nixon. He approved all the deployments enthusiastically; they appealed to his romantic streak: "The main thing is there's nothing better than a little confrontation now and then, a little excitement."

Invasion from Syria

In the face of the U.S. military moves, the Soviets seemed to grow nervous. On Sept. 18 they sent a reassuring note. Kissinger was encouraged, but not his boss.

Nixon expressed his doubts; whenever the Soviets vol-



Kissinger with Jordan's King Hussein

unteered reassurance, he said, something sinister was afoot. He proved to be right.

On the morning of Sunday, Sept. 20, Syrian tanks invaded Jordan. At about 6 a.m. Washington time, both the King and Zaid Rifai, his close adviser, reported to Ambassador Brown two major incursions of Syrian tanks. Hussein requested American assistance, without being specific. At 12:30 p.m. Rifai, on behalf of the King, asked for U.S. reconnaissance to determine whether the Syrians were bringing up additional forces. At about the same time two more Syrian armored brigades crossed into Jordan and attacked on a broad front.

I had no doubt that this challenge had to be met. To make a final recommendation to the President, I called a meeting of the WSAG for 7 p.m. that evening. From then on until the National Security Council meeting the next morning, the crisis for us in Washington took the form of almost uninterrupted meetings and telephone calls.

At about 8:20 p.m., we heard from the British that the King was requesting immediate air strikes. The British message reinforced our predisposition in favor of standing aside for an Israeli move. We did not possess enough intelligence or target information to respond rapidly with American forces. At the same time, to discourage Soviet intervention, we would have to accelerate our readiness; we would thereby heighten the perception that intervention was threatening.

At 9:27 p.m., I asked Assistant Secretary of State Joe Sisco to join me in conveying our recommendations to the President; as the official who sat at the nexus of all the cable traffic, it was crucial for Sisco to understand the nuances of White House thinking. First we had to find the President. With the aid of the Secret Service we tracked him to an obscure bowling alley in the basement of the Executive Office Building. Nixon calmly listened to our report and approved the recommendations while inconspicuously holding a bowling ball in one hand. It was one of the few occasions that I saw Nixon without a coat and tie. He said that whatever was done must succeed; he was determined to stop the Syrian attack.

In Jordan, the northern town of Irbid fell. Kissinger called Israeli Ambassador Yitzhak Rabin to request Israeli reconnaissance and to raise the possibility of air strikes and ground action.

I went home and to bed at 2 a.m., Monday, Sept. 21. At 5:15 a.m., I was awakened by Al Haig [then Kissinger's second in command on the NSC], who had just received a call from Rabin: the Israelis thought ground action might also be necessary. Israel would appreciate the American view in two or three hours.

At 5:35 a.m., I phoned and awakened the President to tell him of Rabin's preliminary response. I urged him to defer a decision and to call a meeting of his senior advisers for 7:30 in the morning. But Nixon soon called back and said: "I have decided it. Don't ask anybody else. Tell him [Rabin] 'Go.'"

I was not about to let the President run the risk of a major confrontation with the Soviet Union without consulting his senior advisers. An Israeli ground operation could produce a Middle Eastern war. I called Sisco, who said he agreed with the President's decision. I next called Secretary of State William Rogers, who had serious reservations, especially in the absence of a formal Jordanian request for ground support. Defense Secretary Mel Laird was ambiguous; he wanted to consider the intelligence. At 7:10 a.m. I urged the President

SPECIAL SECTION

again to call a meeting of his senior advisers in view of the differences of opinion among them. He now reluctantly agreed.

Our Government was united on approving Israeli air attacks; there was a difference of opinion as to Israeli ground operations. I did not think the issue required an immediate resolution. Israeli mobilization would take at least 48 hours. And Israel could not afford *not* to mobilize because it could not permit a Syrian victory, whatever our reaction. Thus we had a breathing space—if the King could hold on—during which pressures on Syria would mount, perhaps to the point where the crisis resolved itself.

Calculus of Risks

The NSC met at 8:45 a.m., Monday, Sept. 21. Though the discussion concerned mainly our attitude toward ground operations, it really came down again to a philosophical debate on how to handle crises. Those who believed in very slow and measured escalation feared a confrontation with the Soviet Union. Nixon, as well as I, believed that this was the most likely way for a crisis to become unmanageable: if we wished to avoid a showdown with the Soviets, we had to create rapidly a calculus of risks they would be unwilling to confront, rather than let them slide into the temptation to match our gradual moves. Rogers wanted to make the ultimate decision depend on whether the Syrians moved south from the occupied town of Irbid; in my view the crisis could be ended only by full Syrian withdrawal from its "liberated zone" in northern Jordan. Nixon finally decided that Sisco could in-



Nixon in the Executive Office Building: briefing in a bowling alley

Golda Meir



She was an original. Her childhood in the Russia of pogroms and her youth as a pioneer in the harshness of Palestine had taught her that only the wary are given the opportunity to survive and only those who fight succeed in that effort. Her craggy face bore witness to the destiny of a people that had come to know too well the potentialities of man's inhumanity. Her occasionally sarcastic exterior never obscured a compassion that felt the death of every

Israeli soldier as the loss of a member of her family. Every inch of land for which Israel had fought was to her a token of her people's survival; it would be stubbornly defended against enemies; it would be given up only for a tangible guarantee of security. She had a penetrating mind, leavened by earthiness and a mischievous sense of humor. She was not taken in by elevated rhetoric, or particularly interested in the finer points of negotiating tactics. She cut to the heart of the matter. She answered pomposity with irony and dominated conversations by her personality and shrewd psychology. To me she acted as a benevolent aunt toward an especially favored nephew, so that even to admit the possibility of disagreement was a challenge to family hierarchy producing emotional outrage. It was usually calculated.

Mrs. Meir treated Secretary of State William Rogers as if the reports of his views could not possibly be true; she was certain that once he had a chance to explain himself, the misunderstandings caused by the inevitable inadequacy of reporting telegrams would vanish; she then promised forgiveness. As for Nixon, Mrs. Meir hailed him as an old friend of the Jewish people, startling news to those of us more familiar with Nixon's ambivalences on that score. But it gave him a reputation to uphold. And he did much for Israel if not out of affection then out of his characteristically unsentimental calculation of the national interest.

form Israel that the U.S. agreed to Israeli ground action subject to consultation prior to a final decision.

What started out as an imminent Jordanian collapse was beginning to reverse itself. Tuesday, Sept. 22, brought good news. The Jordanians, emboldened by our moves and by the fact that the Syrian air force (under a general named Hafez Assad) pointedly stayed out of combat, were beginning to attack Syrian tanks around Irbid from the air. The estimate was that Syria had lost 120 tanks. The Iraqi forces (17,000 of them were still encamped in east Jordan three years after the Six-Day War that had brought them there) remained inactive. Egypt informed us that the Soviets had made a serious effort to get Syria to reconsider its course in Jordan. Israeli forces on the Golan Heights continued to increase. To maintain the pressure, we increased our own readiness further.

In managing the conclusion of any crisis, perhaps the most critical moment occurs when the opponent appears ready to settle; then it is the natural temptation to relax. This is almost always a mistake; the time for conciliation is *after* the crisis is surmounted and a settlement or *modus vivendi* has been reached. Otherwise moderation may abort the hopeful prospects by raising last-minute doubts as to whether the cost of settlement need be paid. Stopping offensive military actions in Korea in 1951 when cease-fire talks started almost surely prolonged the talks; I would make the same argument about the Viet Nam bombing halt in 1968, though I held a different view at the time.

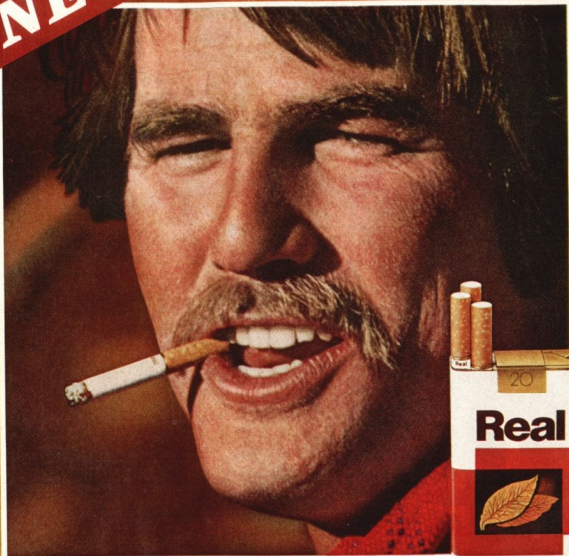
That is why, even though a Syrian withdrawal was probable, I pressed for an augmentation of our forces in the Mediterranean. Sept. 23 would be critical. If the Syrian forces did not withdraw—if, for example, they simply dug in—the point of maximum pressure would pass. Israel would either intervene with the attendant consequences or we would be seen to be bluffing. Then the war might start up again—or else the Syrians would maintain a "liberated zone" in Jordan, mortgaging the King's survival. Four more destroyers were therefore authorized to head for the Mediterranean; two attack submarines were slated to pass through the Strait of Gibraltar. Contingency planning against Soviet intervention continued.

At 2:50 p.m. on Sept. 23, we received conclusive word that Syrian tanks were withdrawing. The crisis was over.

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Art

Gaslight and Fallen Souls

In Chicago, a fresh view of Toulouse-Lautrec's art

A dwarfish cripple of exalted birth, absinthe-sodden and dead at 37, Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec was perhaps the most spectacular *peintre maudit* of the late 19th century: a doomed dog of modernism, fit for Hollywood. No reputation can quite survive a movie like *Moulin Rouge*, and ever since its release in 1953 the popular image of Toulouse-Lautrec has been shaped by the sight of José Ferrer, legs bound, peering with lugubriously feigned interest up at the boiler-plated buttocks of Zsa Zsa Gabor. Thus Toulouse-Lautrec became one of the few artists most everyone has heard of, a guarantee perhaps that the retrospective of 109 of his paintings, along with a group of his drawings and prints, which opened last week at the Art Institute of Chicago, will be so crammed that the work may be invisible. If so, a pity: this is an admirable show, finely curated with an exemplary catalogue by Art Historian Charles Stuckey and his assistant Naomi Maurer. It puts one's attention where it should go—to the work, not the myth.

One enters expecting the familiar recorder of a vanished culture, the café and boulevard life of the *Belle Époque*, the lowlife of the cabarets, the well-known cast of characters—May Milton, La Goulué, Paul Séscau, Jane Avril. One leaves with an impression of precocious modernity, partly because Lautrec's caustic and tender view of the world speaks directly to our culture of narcissism. Lautrec's art was about watching; as Stuckey observes, each figure spins in its own solitude in the midst of the schedules of lust and sociability: "In Lautrec's paintings glances are only seldom acknowledged or returned. Instead, he diagrams the routines of curiosity and anticipation he observed at public places." If the stream of life is subdivided into an infinity of fleeting moments, as it is by a culture based on photography, each looks like an actor's gesture, a pose—or a snapshot. This disarticulation was what Lautrec attempted, and one still marvels at the speed and accuracy of his notation, whether it was real (in his sketch pads) or feigned (in the finished theatrical lithographs). The impression that his drawing of Jane Avril's kick or Yvette Guilbert's bow took as little time as the movement itself does not hold for long: one's admiration for Lautrec's craft, for the eggshell delicacy of spattered lithographic ink or the exact placement of a complementary color, overrides it. But it lasts just long enough to give a sense of wholly different organization—that the painting or the drawing is based on a precarious, swift sense of the real, exact

but friable, quite unlike the formal traditions of European art since the Renaissance. There was nothing expressionistic about Lautrec. He did not revel in the miseries of the soul, and even his most pathetic images come to us across a measured distance and through a focused sense of human absurdity. The painting that summed up Lautrec's sense of what Baudelaire, another wounded argonaut of the boulevards, called "the herism of modern life" was *At the Moulin*

Higher Thought, but he would stick with gaslight, friends and the fallen soul.

"Heads pass by in the crowd," wrote a Belgian painter describing the *Moulin Rouge* in 1893. "Oh, heads green, red, yellow, orange, violet. Vice up for auction. One could put on the door front: People, abandon all modesty here." This, as Stuckey points out, is almost a verbal postcard of Lautrec's painting; but anyone who read into its brilliant, sickly jolts of complementary color and its ravaged cast of characters the evidence of moral disapproval would not know his Lautrec. The sheer ingenuity of vision is still astonishing; for instance, how the unstable colors within the group at the table, laced with patches and lines of burning red



At the Moulin Rouge, 1892-95: Lautrec's inventory of his friends, clustered by night
Also schedules of lust, jolts of raw color and the reality of the fleeting moment.

Rouge, 1892-95. It is a gathering of Lautrec's tribe, his best male friends and the cabaret women who were the main characters of his art. It also seems to be Lautrec's most complete answer to the Parnassian pretensions of French artists' circles in the '90s—the kind of high-mindedness he had mocked as a student, ten years before, with an acrid parody of Puvion de Chavannes's *Sacred Grove*, into whose pallid scattering of muses he introduced a line of stray moderns from a Paris street, including his stunted self, back turned, urinating on the turf of Parnassus. Lautrec thought the timeless and the eternal a boring joke, and in *At the Moulin Rouge* he offered the alternative: let the aesthetes dedicate themselves to

—the plaid lines of La Macarona's bodice, the serpentine fur trim of Jane Avril's coat—are stabilized by the four hatted heads of men receding to the upper left, all in profile, including Lautrec himself, like medallions. Nor is there any more shocking apparition in early modernist painting than the low-lit green-and-yellow mask of May Milton, clashing with Jane Avril's writhing broche of red hair, that tears into the right side of the scene. With this image, the stage is set for Fauvism and the early Matisse. The achievement of this show, in short, is to give us a Lautrec very different from the slumming boulevardier of fiction. It argues, successfully, that he was one of the creators of modernism itself.

—Robert Hughes

People



Country Singer Dolly Parton greeting "Cousin" Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter at Washington celebration

It was billed as a celebration of country music: two hours of pickin' and singin' to benefit Washington's Ford's Theater. Just about all of country's constellations were there to shine: Cash, Clark, Fender, Gatlin, Hall, Mandrell, Millsap, Monroe and his Blue Grass Boys, the Oak Ridge Boys, Rabbitt, Rich, the Statler Brothers, Stevens, Tillis and West. Presiding over the show was country's foremost devotee, **Jimmy Carter**, with First Lady **Rosalynn Carter**, with First Lady **Rosalynn Carter's** approval. They were, after all, hug-in' cousins. Parton's home town of Sevierville, Tenn. (pronounced Sev-er-vul), was "as large and cosmopolitan as Plains, Ga." Country music, Carter told an urbane black-tie audience, "records the bad times and sad times, wasted

lives, dashed dreams, the dirty dog that took advantage of you. But it also celebrates the good and enduring things in life: home and family, faith and trust, love that lasts for a lifetime, and sometimes love that just lasts one good time." And all that jazz.

The oldest ship in the U.S. Navy is the destroyer tender *Dixie*, still seaworthy after almost 40 years. That's nothing. The Navy's oldest active officer, Admiral **Hyman G. Rickover**, is twice as old as the *Dixie*. Moreover, Rickover, the father of U.S. naval nuclear power, seems quite likely to outlast the ship. Convinced that the admiral, soon to turn 80, is not about to be slowed down by barnacles, Acting Navy Secretary **R. James Woolsey** last week an-

nounced that Rickover had been appointed to yet another two-year term. That will make him a six-decade salt.

He played the klunk as Colonel Klink, the inept P.O.W. camp commander in TV's forever rerunning *Hogan's Heroes*. Away from reel life, **Werner Klemperer** is anything but a *Dummkopf*. This week at New York City's Metropolitan Opera, Klemperer is definitely out of Luftwaffe uniform and appears in turban and robe as Turkish Pasha Selim, a nonsinging role in Mozart's *The Abduction from the Seraglio*. The role is not a one-shot stop from the stalag for Klemperer. The son of famed Conductor **Otto Klemperer**, he has also narrated Schoenberg's *Gurre-Lieder* with the Boston Symphony Orchestra; next spring he will do the narration of Beethoven's *Egmont* with the New York Philharmonic. Klemperer remains fond of Klink. Those residuals still trickle in, after all, and then there is the renown. "Everyone at the Met is a *Hogan's Heroes* fan," he insists. "When I arrive for rehearsal, they say, 'Good morning, Colonel.'"

She clung to the side of the cable car with native insouciance, but San Francisco Mayor **Dianne Feinstein** was demonstrably unhappy that she was not going anywhere. All 40

cars of the city's famed tourist attraction, a designated national landmark that clangs bells and climbs steep hills, have been taken out of service. Disintegrating tracks, pulleys, cables and turntables, alas, make the 106-year-old system more menace than treat to the camera-toting tourists who make up the bulk of its 14.5 million annual passengers. Temporary repairs are under way, but \$41 million is required to rebuild the 10.5 miles of track properly. Feinstein hopes to collect the bulk of that fare from the Federal Government. Meanwhile, a few cars are ignominiously towed downtown each day for tourists to click at and cluck over.



Mayor Feinstein on cable car

On the Record

Sebastian Coe, Britain's 3:49 record miler: "I'm committed to the Olympics, but not looking forward to it. It's not what athletics is about. I consider world records more satisfying than medals. It's nice to feel I've run faster than anyone."

R. Peter Straus, resigning as Voice of America director, citing incompatibility with the White House: "One of the major problems with this Administration is that there is no reward for a job well done and no penalty for messing up."

Werner Klemperer in costume for his role as Pasha Selim at the Met

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart ABDUCTION FROM THE SERAGLIO

Constantine: Edda Moser
Blonde: Norma Burrowes
Belmonte: Nicolai Gedda
Pachetto: Norbert Orth
Osmin: Kurt Moll
Pasha Selim: Werner Klemperer



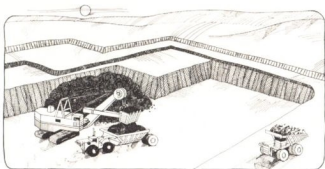
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Sport

The Full-Tilt Boogie Buccaneers

For the National League champs, getting there was half the fun

All season long, it seemed like we never could win a ball game the easy way." Pittsburgh Pirates Second Baseman Phil Garner said after a tenth-inning victory over the Cincinnati Reds in the second game of the National League championship playoff. He frowned, pursed his lips in remembrance of a grueling pennant race that was not decided until the season's final day, then broke into a grin. "But my, how time flies when you're having fun."

Easy or not, getting to the World Series has seldom seemed more enjoyable for anybody than it has for the 1979 Pirates. Known for maintaining the most boisterous clubhouse in baseball, the Pirates proved as irrepressible on the field as in the locker room. They swept Cincinnati out of the playoff with the same gusto, twice fighting through extra innings to beat the Reds. In the final game the Pirates crushed Cincinnati 7-1 under a barrage of hitting and Bert Blyleven's seamless pitching. It took four Reds pitchers to withstand the first four innings, as First Baseman Willie Stargell and Third Baseman Bill Madlock hit home runs and Stargell added a two-run double to settle matters. Stargell, at the vintage age of 38, hit .455 with two home runs and six RBIs and was the unanimous playoff MVP.

Heroics and histrionics marked Pittsburgh's year. Theirs was a disco-inferno season, a full-tilt boogie race for the pennant punctuated by the psyching-up war whoops of All-Star Rightfielder Dave Parker, the ego-deflating insults of Garner

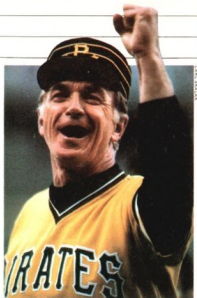
and the popping of corks by Team Captain Stargell, the oenophile first baseman. Typical play: a Pirate crashes a three-run home run to win an eleven-inning game. Typical congratulatory byplay: "Way to go, [bleep]!" "Thank you, [bleep]!" Other teams may deem it necessary to fine players to ensure promptness at the ballpark; the Pittsburgh locker room throbs with athletes joining the badinage hours before game time. The party does not end at the door. Pirate pitchers have been known to play Frisbee in the bullpen.

Unfortunately for the opposition, the Pirates romped on the field as well. Pittsburgh came from behind to win 41 games, and 25 times they scored the winning run in their final turn at bat. After a seasaw division-title fight with the astonishing Montreal Expos (the two teams swapped the lead nine times in the last 20 days), the Pirates finished with 38 wins in their final 52 games, compiling the second best record in the major leagues.* Says Stargell: "We have a very special feeling for each other on this team."

The Pirates did it with more than emotion, however. Traditionally a team of big sluggers and uncertain defense, they anchored their erratic infield with trades for Madlock and Shortstop Tim Lincecum. A succession of injuries left the Pirates without a regular starting rotation for the en-

*Pittsburgh won 98 games and lost 64, a .605 winning percentage; the Baltimore Orioles, runaway champions of the American League East, were 102 and 57, for a .642 percentage.

Team Captain Willie Stargell celebrates with teammates after a winning home run in Cincinnati



Jubilant Pirate Manager Chuck Tanner

"The more you enjoy it, the better."

tire season, so the pitching staff needed all the help it could get. Manager Chuck Tanner juggled frantically to fill the gaps; the top three Pirate relievers, Kent Tekulve, Grant Jackson and Enrique Romo, set a major league record by appearing a total of 250 times. Among the regulars, Stargell had his best season since 1975, hitting .281, pounding 32 home runs and 82 RBIs. Centerfielder Omar Moreno batted .282, a full 41 points above his lifetime average, and led the league in stolen bases with 77. Garner (.293) and Foli (.288) had the best years of their lives as hitters. Parker (.310) and Madlock (.328 since arriving from the Giants in mid-year) had seasons most players only dream about. John Milner and Bill Robinson alternated in leftfield and between them piled up 40 home runs and 135 RBIs.

Like Baltimore Manager Earl Weaver, the Pirates' Tanner saw to it that no one languished on the bench. Aside from the usual parade of pitchers, he shuffled pinch hitters and runners through the lineup as if it were a revolving door. Matt ("the Scat") Alexander, for example, filled in on the base paths so often that he scored more runs for other Pirates than he had official times at bat. In the process, he developed baseball's equivalent to spiking a football: whenever he reached home plate, he would turn around and dance across it backward. Each time he earned applause from his teammates and an understanding smile from Tanner. "Just because you play baseball for a living doesn't mean it has to be a job," he says. "You ought to have fun playing in the big leagues just like you did when you were a little kid, because the more you enjoy it, the better you play." He paused to listen to the laughter of the National League champions and added, "Now, our guys—they have fun."

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We scaled down the overall length from 1979. But the new Cordoba has more leg room—front and rear.

We combined the operation of many important driving functions in a fingertip multi-function control lever on the steering column.

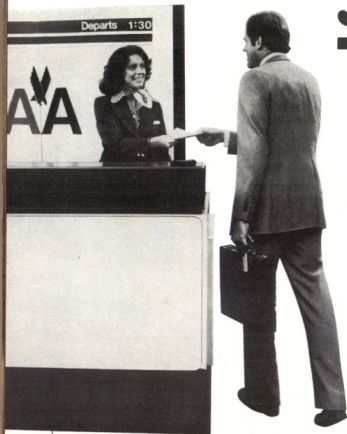
To improve fuel economy we engineered the new Cordoba to be over 400 pounds lighter than 1979.



The 1980 Chrysler Cordoba



We can't promise Just faster



With passenger jets flying at just under the speed of sound, getting from one end of the country to the other is a fast, simple process.

But getting from one end of an airport to the other is a different story. Here's what American is doing about it:

On American, you do all your checking-in at one place. (Whichever place is easiest for you.)

There are some airlines that actually make you go to one place to pick up your tickets, and still another place to get your boarding passes and seat assignments.

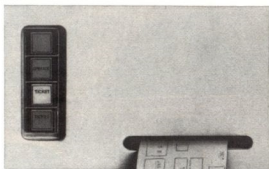
The irony of it is, after you've done all that walking, you haven't gotten a single step closer to your destination.

American's SABRE computer system eliminates some of that legwork. With SABRE, any of our agents at any of our ticket counters—and even at our departure gates, at most airports—can check you in completely, in one simple operation, at the location that's best for you.

Round-trip boarding passes: our way of handing you one less line.

Or maybe even two less lines.

You see, American, unlike some other airlines, can give you all your boarding passes ahead of time, for all parts of your trip. That includes connections as well as your flight back home.



you faster airplanes. airports.

And if you don't think that's so important, remember: holding on to all those boarding passes can save you from waiting in all those lines.

RESERVED

Pre-reserved seating: you don't have to stand in line to find out where you sit.

Ever stand in a long line at a departure gate and watch the people ahead of you take all the window seats? And all the aisle seats? On American, you don't have to stand for that.

When you call us to reserve a flight, don't just tell us which flight. Tell us which seat. We can

hold that seat for you, for as long as eleven months ahead of time, right up until 15 minutes before take-off.

All of us are committed to giving all of you the best service in the industry.

At American Airlines, we're working hard to make sure we give you the kind of service you deserve. After all, great service is what helped us earn our reputation.

And great service is what will help us keep it.



We're American Airlines. Doing what we do best.

American



Economy & Business

Shrinking Role for U.S. Money

Frenzy in the gold and currency markets heightens an urgent issue

From the harried canyons of Wall Street to the outwardly calm boardrooms of Zurich, the world's financial centers experienced a whiff of panic last week. In two days of frantic trading, the price of gold on the London exchange soared a breathtaking \$50 per oz. to \$447 at one point; then it plunged back down almost as steeply, closing the week at \$385. Silver, platinum and copper also gyrated wildly. Said a New York bullion trader: "The market's gone bananas."

The madness, as usual, was not over precious metals so much as money—specifically the battered U.S. dollar. Once again Germans were being sold off heavily in world markets in exchange for more robust currencies. Struggling to keep the buck from plunging further, which would hurt West German exports, the Bundesbank spent \$1.2 billion in deutsche marks to buy up unwanted dollars last week. By happenstance, as the buck was worrying down again, central bankers, finance ministers and some 6,000 other leading money men were gathering in Belgrade, Yugoslavia, for the annual meeting of the 138-nation International Monetary Fund. Treasury Secretary G. William Miller and Federal Reserve Chairman Paul Volcker had hardly arrived when they were besieged with calls for U.S. action to stem the panic.

Volcker promptly returned to Washington to draft plans for what could be the second massive dollar-rescue program the U.S. has had to mount in eleven months. Among the steps under discussion:

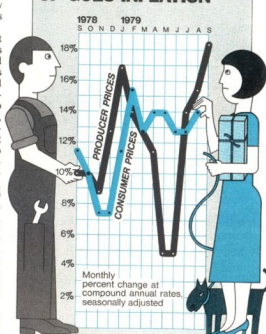
LARGER GOLD SALES. The 750,000 oz. of Fort Knox bullion the U.S. now sells monthly might be doubled, in hopes that this might help drive prices down. Hinting at such a strategy, Under Secretary of the Treasury Anthony Solomon said last week that the gold boom was "extremely unhealthy for the world economy."

BROADER DOLLAR PROPPING. Until now, in their efforts to keep the dollar from falling too sharply against the muscular mark, the U.S. and West German central banks have confined their buckbolstering efforts mainly to the New York and Frankfurt markets. Now they have agreed to intervene in all financial centers. Reason: the world money markets have become so sensitive and intertwined

that a drop in, say, Hong Kong ripples rapidly throughout the world.

MORE "CARTER BONDS." Since last November the U.S. has sold \$4.2 billion of so-called Carter bonds in West Germany in order to raise marks for the dollar defense. Plans have been worked out to issue more such bonds.

UP GOES INFLATION



The latest turmoil in the gold and currency markets shook the Belgrade meeting like an Adriatic earthquake. The money men hovered over telex machines to catch the latest gold fixings and dollar-market exchange rates, and swapped anxious rumors. Inter-continental Arab finance ministers ducked quietly into Bill Miller's first-floor suite at the Inter-continental Hotel to get his assurances that the dollar would be defended. Reported TIME Correspondent Friedel Ungeheuer: "An undercurrent of fear and confusion about what has been happening on the money markets ran through the corridors of the modern Sava Center, where the I.M.F. sessions were held. Cecil de Struycker, governor of Belgium's central bank, confided: 'The only thing that is certain is that nothing is certain any more.' Many delegates joined in what Britain's Chan-

cellor of the Exchequer, Sir Geoffrey Howe, aptly described as a kind of 'competitive gloomology.'"

The delegates had ample cause to be gloomy. A forecast by the IMF staff said that the combination of higher OPEC oil prices and the U.S. recession will force the rest of the industrial world into a stagflation swamp next year. Average inflation in industrial countries will rise to about 8.7%, and growth will fall to a meager 1.8%.

Whether even that prediction might prove optimistic depended to a great extent on the strength of the U.S. economy, and there the portents were mostly bad.

Despite record interest rates and a business slowdown, U.S. inflation continues to gather force. Producers' wholesale prices rose 1.4% in September, an annual increase of 18.2% and the highest jump in almost five years. That probably foreshadows a further rise in consumer prices, which are already growing at a 13% rate. The week's only good news: instead of rising from its August level of 6%, unemployment dropped in September to 5.8%. But many economists believe joblessness will still increase sharply in the months ahead as the recession bites deeper.

The foreign money men worry about the Carter Administration's resolve to hold down inflation at the cost of higher unemployment as the 1980 political campaign picks up steam. They found fresh reason for skepticism last week: it was revealed that to get the unions to join in the Carter anti-inflation program, the Administration agreed not to try to penalize any violators of the "voluntary" wage and price guidelines. Miller attempted to soothe his colleagues in Belgrade by promising that the Administration would "stay the course" in battling inflation, but doubt remained. Said one West German Cabinet minister: "The problem is Carter's chaotic leadership."

The central bankers were especially doubtful about the President's ability to cut U.S. oil imports, a chief cause of the dollar's weakness. Only last week did Congress step up work on the energy program that Carter presented in July. Overriding objections from environmentalists, the Senate voted to create an Energy Mobilization Board that will be empowered to cut through the federal, state and local

regulatory barriers that delay key energy projects. This week the Senate Finance Committee is expected to pass its version of the important windfall profits tax that will finance the new projects. The Senate is likely to approve a tax one-third smaller than the \$104 billion House version: President Carter originally demanded a \$142 billion tax.

The urgency for action on the energy program becomes clearer all the time. Brandishing the oil weapon in Belgrade, Saudi Arabia's Finance Minister Mohammed Ali Abdul Khail warned that continued depreciation of the dollars that the OPEC countries are paid for their oil might very well "evoke reactions." By that he presumably meant that the OPEC countries might force buyers to pay in a "basket" of many currencies rather than just in dollars; if this were to happen, demand for dollars would decline and they would slide further in value.

Though the greenback strengthened a bit late last week as the markets anticipated new dollar defense moves, worry remains deep about the future of the monetary system that helped create the world's postwar prosperity. The central problem is the roughly 1 trillion footloose dollars that slosh around banks and currency markets outside the U.S. For many years during the 1950s and 1960s, Europeans complained about a "dollar gap." Greenbacks were the only currency that was accepted everywhere, though there were not enough of them around to finance world trade and development. But the dollar gap has since become a dollar glut. Due to heavy foreign spending, first to pay for the Viet Nam War, more recently for oil imports, the U.S. has exported enough dollars in the past decade to boost the reserves held by foreign central banks from \$24 billion to \$300 billion. Private international banks hold another \$600 billion in Eurodollars, which are dollars loaned abroad.

Central banks and private holders are reluctant to accept any more dollars, whose value declines almost daily. OPEC countries in particular are attempting to put new oil earnings into marks, yen or gold. Says Washington Economic Consultant Harald Malmgren: "The Arabs have learned that they pump oil out of the sand, hold the dollars, and the dollars turn back to sand." Nervous central bankers also fear that dollar holders will suddenly try to move large funds into another currency or into gold. Warns Karl Otto Pohl, president-designate of the German Bundesbank: "If this mass of dollars ever begins to crumble, it could start an avalanche that would bury all other currencies."

The best-selling novel *The Crash of '79* described just such an avalanche. The result was a thumping destruction of all the foundations of industrial society as nations returned to barter economies. Financial experts tirelessly insist that in the nonfiction world such a collapse would be impossible. One reason is that well over

half of foreign trade, including sales of oil, metals and grain, is billed in dollars. And despite attempts by central banks to diversify their currency holdings, 77% of all official reserves are still dollars; thus many governments have an interest in holding up the value of the dollar.

Ministers in Belgrade took a step to ensure that the crash of '79 remains fiction by reducing the hazardous excess of dollars. They agreed to press work on a plan to replace perhaps as much as \$40 billion in dollars with bonds denominated in a basket of 16 currencies, including two from OPEC countries—Saudi Arabia and Iran. This could be approved at a meeting in April.

As the dollar is being eased out of the cornerstone position it has held since World War II, gold and some strong currencies are moving in. The American

While world money men continue slouching toward a new financial Bethlehem, it becomes clearer that the only real way to restore the dollar's health is to cut America's inflation. As long as prices continue climbing at a rate of 13% in the U.S., compared with 6% in West Germany, the dollar will sink and the mark will rise. In such circumstances the dollar is lost, and attempts to save it will only ruin the nation's industry by making such exports as computers, airplanes and chemicals vastly too expensive in Japan or Germany, and imports like autos far too cheap at home. Former Fed Chairman Arthur Burns told the Belgrade conference that the turmoil in world exchange markets would not end until "reasonably good control over inflationary forces has been achieved, especially in the U.S."



Spreading Rush to Tangibles

In the past twelve months, they have soared like Superman

Gold is not the only game in town. From fine art and oriental carpets to housing in the suburbs and vacation land in the sticks, Americans in record numbers are doing something that they have never done before—bailing out of their own national currency and dashing for inflation hedges wherever they can find them. Like generations of inflation-scarred Europeans, they are parking more and more of their wealth in investments

that do not necessarily pay interest but at least promise to preserve value in the face of exploding prices.

The rush to collectibles like period furniture, Chinese ceramics and rare postage stamps has been luring wealthy investors for years. But the Price Spiral of '79 has turned the investment binge into a man-in-the-street stampede to tangibles of all sorts. Explains Wall Street Economist Gary Wengloski: "For five years no financial asset has yielded a positive return after taxes and inflation. Consumers investing in tangibles are only acting rationally."

In the past year especially, investment in precious metals, gems and real estate has seemed almost too good to be true. But investors looking to turn a quick profit instead of to protect their capital for the long haul often have not done well at all.

Gold's rise of over 60% during the past twelve months to \$385 per oz. has been spectacular, but that goes for its gyrations too. Though investors by the thousands routinely speculate on possible price movements of the yellow metal by buying and selling so-called futures contracts on commodities markets, trading in the actual gold itself is much more limited, and a mere handful of big investors can and do bring about significant changes

in price. In just four weeks, gold leaped from \$330 per oz. to hit \$447, only to lose half that impressive gain by the end of last week. Anyone who plunged in for a quick killing at the wrong moment got badly hurt. Small investors in gold also must pay a sales commission of

6% to 10% when buying the metal from banks, brokers or jewelers. In addition, there is often an equal-sized charge when reselling it.

Other investment metals have been better buys in the past year. Platinum, at

\$510 per oz., has risen by almost 75% since last October. Silver, at \$15.92 per oz., has nearly tripled, largely because investors have been buying it as a sort of poor man's bullion.

Precious stones are also being snatched up, though unwary investors can lose disastrously. In the past year, high-grade "investment diamonds" of one carat or more have risen 45% in value and now often sell for \$31,000 per stone. But smaller and flawed gems, which are normally sold only for jewelry to hide the imperfections, may be poor buys; four quarter-carat, lesser-quality stones are usually worth much less than a single good-quality, one-carat stone.

Most reputable diamond houses certify the quality of their gems and agree to repurchase them from customers at the

prevailing market price for a fee of perhaps 5% or so. But if a dealer goes out of business, those who bought from him might find themselves having to sell their gems elsewhere for maybe 50¢ on the dollar. The same is true for emeralds, another of this year's hot rocks. Mostly because of high demand from Europe, top-quality *gota de aceite* (drop of oil) gems

from Colombia have climbed 33% in the past twelve months and now cost three to four times as much as similar-sized diamonds. Yet lower-grade emeralds are very poor investments: they are sold virtually by the shovel as semiprecious stones, there are no universally recognized grades or appraisal system for them, and only a highly flexible and informal trading network.

Real estate is also not one big market but many little ones. In the past year the new single-family house has increased in value by a nationwide average of 17.2%, but houses in Sunbelt states have risen more than those in the energy-dependent Northeast. Condominiums have done well almost everywhere. In Miami, new condos have risen 27% in value, and luxury projects are sold out even before construction work begins. In Chicago, condo values are shooting up at a 19% annual clip. Economist Otto Eckstein calculates that at least 12% to 14% of U.S. housing purchases are made not because people need houses but because they speculate that they can sell them at high profits.



Housing:
up 17.2%

Investing in raw land is more complex, and riskier. Farm land now goes, on average, for \$559 an acre, an increase of about 15% over last year, but location, development restrictions and a host of other considerations are what really matter. Real estate investors are paying \$30,-

000 an acre for avocado farms around Santa Barbara, Calif., but only for housing development. Anyone paying that much in order to get into avocados would be crazy; at present prices for the fruit, an acre of avocado trees normally yields no more than about \$2,500 per year. Conversely, anyone interested in cattle would have to pay \$2,000 an acre for northeastern California ranch land, but state agricultural assessors estimate that for any other use the sage and scrub grazing pastures are worth no more than about \$15 an acre.

Some investments are clearly bummers no matter how they are billed. For example, anyone who bought an \$8,500 ranch mink twelve months ago might well have to pay \$10,000 for the same coat today, a rise of nearly 18%. But getting into a mink is easier than getting out of one, and the resale value of a fur that is a year old is rarely if ever the full initial purchase price.

Yachts are another doubtful investment. Gloats Barry Ware, a yacht broker in Marina Del Rey, Calif.: "Our customers want to get out of money and into anything. If they can afford it, they are going for boats." They should think twice.

Some top-quality used vessels are appreciating in value by as much as \$1,000 per month, but that is usually only true for yachts that already sell for more than \$100,000. In addition, maintenance and insurance costs for these can add as much as \$20,000 a year to a skipper's bill.

The real risk of the tangibles scramble is the impact that it has on the economy as a whole. By encouraging an attitude of buy now before the price goes up, panicky consumers are making further and even steeper price increases virtually inevitable. Yet people are not about to change their attitudes until inflation itself is brought under effective control. If that does not happen, the nation may some day discover that "basket of currencies" does not mean merely francs, marks and yen but also, perhaps, bullion, baubles and condos.



Yachts:
up 16%



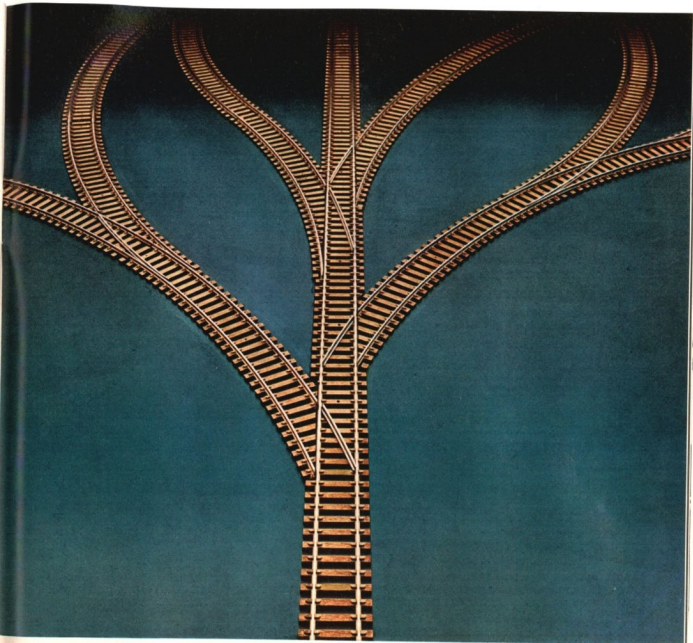
Platinum:
up 75%



Farmland:
up 15%



Emeralds:
up 33%



To develop more energy takes more than a one-track mind.

There are numerous paths to more energy for America—and Conoco's people are exploring many of them.

Because we're active in oil, natural gas, coal and uranium, our 43,000 people have a wide variety of skills. As they work together, and sometimes cross over from one energy project to another, they develop "multi-track" minds.

For example, consider Jim Davis,

one of our petroleum engineers.

First, Jim helped adapt oil production techniques to drill horizontally into coal seams before mining, to remove potentially hazardous methane gas. So more coal can be produced, more safely.

Now Jim is helping apply this same horizontal drilling system to get at petroleum deposits that were previously too difficult to tap. So more

oil can be produced.

At a time when some people are trying to limit the activities of energy companies, we think it's worth noting what individuals like Jim Davis can do—if they're allowed to switch tracks and produce more energy.



Doing more with energy.

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Economy & Business



Ford's Touch of Chrysler Flu

A job for Henry II's successor

It was a poignant milestone in automotive history. Last weekend movers cleared out the four-room, twelfth-floor corner suite in Dearborn, Mich., from which Henry Ford II for most of the past 34 years had run the auto empire founded by his grandfather. Though Ford, 62, will remain as board chairman, he has stepped down as chief executive, ending three generations of day-to-day family management at the nation's third largest industrial firm. His departure is not at an auspicious time in Ford's fortunes. The domestic auto business faces serious problems, but Henry Ford, following a careful three-year transition of power, is leaving Philip Caldwell, 59, the company's first nonfamily chief, to deal with them.

There are rumblings that Ford could lose up to \$700 million on its U.S. car business in 1979. In the first half, earnings from domestic operations were 51% lower than in the same period in 1978. Once U.S. car and truck sales accounted for well over half of Ford's automotive profits; now they produce less than one-third, and all of that comes from trucks. In fact, Ford suffers from a milder case of the problem that afflicts Chrysler: Americans have not been buying big, heavy cars. But unlike Chrysler, Ford is earning money because it has hugely profitable overseas operations that easily offset the domestic losses.

Ford's share of the U.S. auto market has dropped from 23.5% at the end of 1978 to 20.9%, its lowest in a decade. It is selling 15% fewer cars than it did last year (vs. 9% for Chrysler). With a 75-day backlog of unsold cars, Ford has had to lay off indefinitely 22,600 hourly workers, about 10% of its labor force.

Like their colleagues at Chrysler, Ford executives blame most of their troubles on the 1979 fuel crisis. Says Caldwell: "Those gas lines did more than anything else to turn our industry upside down." But a major problem was what Henry Ford concedes to be "poor planning," and he accepts much of the blame.



Caldwell and a version of the Erika

A turnaround assignment.

Four years ago, he said no to arguments that Ford should build a front-wheel-drive subcompact for the 1979 model year; front-wheel drive means shorter hoods, lighter weight and, consequently, less use of fuel. Concerned by the size of the investment gamble, Henry Ford demurred. That was a mistake. When the gas lines reappeared, and Americans shifted to small cars, Ford was still offering its decade-old Pinto. GM, with its snazzy new fuel-sipping, front-wheel-drive X-cars, pulled away from both Chrysler and Ford. GM now has 46% of the U.S. auto market, and imports have 21.5%.

Ford will introduce a front-wheel-drive subcompact code-named Erika by next fall. In the meantime it has just completed a costly effort to downsize its big gas-gulping Lincoln Mark VIs, Cougar XR-7s and Thunderbirds for the 1980 model year and to boost its fleet average fuel economy 13% to an industry high of 21.6 m.p.g. But for a while, Ford's only real strong points will be its overseas operations and its brisk truck business.

There is little chance of a Chrysler-type financial Armageddon. Ford remains a globe-girdling, diversified corporation with 1978 earnings of \$1.6 billion on revenues of \$43 billion. Its glass, steel and aerospace operations boast record earnings, as does its international automotive business, which ranks second only to Volkswagen outside North America. And Caldwell is a cool, analytical manager who is credited with turning around international operations, which produce two-thirds of Ford's profits. Can he rebuild domestic sales? Cautions Caldwell: "This is a long-lead business. A lot will come two to three years from now."

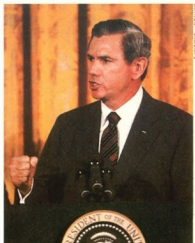
Trade Trooper

Carter's "quiet" new negotiator

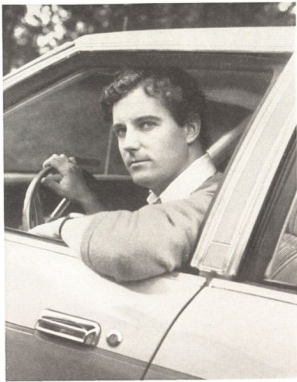
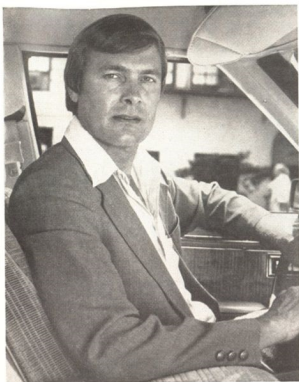
As the U.S. Special Trade Representative, Texas Lawyer Robert Strauss had a well-earned reputation for pugnacity. Japan's Yoshizane Iwasa, former Fuji Bank chief, recalls that "I met him three times, and each time he pounded the table." It may come as a relief to those who deal with the U.S. on trade and tariff matters that among the qualities Jimmy Carter says he values in Strauss's successor are his quietness and modesty.

Reubin O'Donovan Askew charged out of the Florida legislature in 1970 to become the Sunshine State's first successive two-term Governor. At 51, he is a proven administrator and a professed free trader, but his experience in international trade relations is considered rudimentary. What Carter may have found appealing about Askew is the political Southern comfort that the popular former Governor might bring the President in the 1980 campaign. The Florida Democratic convention's straw vote takes place in mid-November (Carter was first taken seriously as a candidate when he won that vote in 1975) and the state's important primary falls on March 11, just two weeks after New Hampshire's.

In his new job, Askew is responsible for supervising U.S. trade relations. As a political ally, however, the White House may wish that Askew were more statesman-like. At his confirmation hearings before the Senate Finance Committee, Askew risked setting off protests among one increasingly vocal constituency. He said bluntly about his hiring practices: "I will not have a known homosexual on my staff." He later added that he would "fully comply" with all federal employment rules. Said an Askew aide: "Sometimes I wish he were more diplomatic."



Reubin Askew at his swearing-in
Some Southern comfort for Carter.



Why should two men with identical cars and similar driving records have different auto insurance rates?

Both men are about the same age, live in the same state and drive their cars about the same number of miles a year. Yet the man on the left pays more because he lives in a city.

As representatives of a major group of property and casualty insurance companies, we want everyone to understand the reasons why people who live in cities pay higher auto insurance premiums than suburban or rural residents.

Higher Loss Potential

The large number of people driving within a relatively small area increases the likelihood of something unfortunate happening to you or your car. For example: motorists driving in the Manhattan borough of New York City experienced 41% more accidents per thousand drivers in 1977, compared to their counterparts in suburban areas.

Higher Repair Costs

Should your car be involved in a mishap, it will, on the average, cost you more to repair. In cities, the higher cost of commercial space and the higher wages paid to skilled labor result in increased overhead for the auto repair industry, as for most businesses.

Greater Risk

The crime problems associated with densely populated areas increase the risk of your car being vandalized or stolen. To cover this greater loss potential, insurance companies must charge higher premiums.

Some people think this practice is unfair. We disagree. We believe people with lower exposure to loss should not have to subsidize those with higher exposure to loss. Of course, where you live is only one of the many factors that determine the cost of your auto insurance. But it is a factor that can be accurately measured through the accident claims experience of drivers.

Working together, we believe we can keep the costs of auto insurance fairly distributed...and affordable.

Here's what we're doing to keep costs down:

- Reassessing the loss potential of geographical areas.
- Investigating repair claims more thoroughly.
- Working through the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety to make cars more crash-resistant and highways safer.
- Distributing the administrative costs of providing insurance more evenly among rural and urban dwellers.
- Supporting the National Automobile Theft Bureau, which is working to reduce auto thefts and to advise on theft prevention.

Here's what you can do:

- Ask your agent about discounts that may be available.
- Check into a higher deductible. It will lower your premium.
- Join a car pool if you have to drive to work. It will save gasoline and you will reduce your insurance premium.
- Lock your car. Don't invite trouble.

Affordable insurance is our business...and yours.

This message is presented by the **American Insurance Association**, 85 John Street, New York, N.Y. 10038.

Compensation Woe: How to Pay?

Lots of new wrinkles in benefits, but still a cry for cash

Managers, secretaries and production workers are painfully aware that when they get a pay raise, the extra dollars that they take home after taxes rarely begin to cover the increased costs they must bear. In the past year, as a result of the ravages of double-digit inflation, real incomes have fallen on average by more than 4%. What is less obvious is that the squeeze on purchasing power has become as much of a problem for employers as for employees.

Employers simply cannot hand out the kind of raises required to keep all their staffers fully abreast of 13%-plus inflation. Because taxes absorb part of any increase, a firm seeking just to keep "whole" an employee earning \$15,000 or more must boost his pay by 16% to 19% this year alone. If high inflation persists, further raises would be necessary in subsequent years. Yet a company that gave increases of this size would not only be violating the Administration's 7% pay guideline but might also risk cleaning out its treasury.

As a result, employers are having a tough time paying people fairly, especially the strong performers who merit higher-than-average increases. In a period of nominal inflation, for example, a firm could afford to reward its superstars with raises of 12% or so because the average clock watcher would need to be given only, say, 2%. But with living costs soaring, pressures are high to grant under-achievers heftier raises at the expense of the overachievers, so that many people wind up with increases in the 6% to 8% range. Laments Bruce Ellig, a compensation specialist at Pfizer Inc., the pharmaceutical firm: "The result is to reward mediocrity and stifle the encouragement of improved performance."

In the past, employers have sought to sweeten compensation by increasing the generally nontaxable benefits, such as health and education programs, and even company-paid memberships in fitness programs. Between 1967 and 1977 corporations raised the dollar value of these benefits at an average annual rate of 17%; over the same period, cash wages and salaries went up only 10% a year. Boosting benefits is much more difficult now; they are included in the guidelines calculations and are becoming costlier to provide, especially in the case of medical insurance plans. Last year such ben-

efits rose by only 9.5%, and almost all of that increase reflected higher costs, not expanded programs.

Many companies are searching for ways to make their benefit packages more cost-efficient as well as more satisfying to employees. One innovation is the "cafeteria" plan, which allows employees to select their own benefits beyond a certain level of required medical, pension and life insurance coverage. For instance, a middle-aged bachelor might choose higher contributions to his pension plan in return for reduced medical benefits, which he does not need since he has no family. At American Can, employees can forgo, say, annual medical checkups in return for an extra week of paid vacation. Says Senior Vice President Sal Giudice: "A lot of young people opt for that. They want to take that winter ski trip."



Exercising in a company-paid health program
Salary increases are being slimmed too.

Westinghouse and the Equitable Life Assurance Society have introduced an intriguing salary gimmick: they are giving their workers the choice of taking their annual raises in a single lump sum as soon as the increases are granted, rather than having them parceled out in paychecks through the year. Employees like this option because it allows them to use their raises to buy big-ticket items like cars, color TVs and refrigerators sooner rather than later, when they may cost more. But some employers fear that the practice of giving lump-sum raises, if it were to spread, might fan inflation by fostering a buy-now philosophy.

In negotiations on a new three-year contract with the United Rubber Workers this summer, the rubber companies agreed to a significant sweetener in the cost of living adjustment (COLA) provisions. Workers got an advance on anticipated COLA increases; in the first three months of the first year of the contract, for instance, an extra 20¢ an hour was tacked onto their paychecks, giving some 75,000 workers an extra \$600,000 per week in take-home pay. Conceivably, such COLA advances could become widespread; at present 60% of all unionized workers are employed under contracts that have COLA provisions.

Another new compensation wrinkle that more and more employers are adopting is the Tax Reduction Act Stock Ownership Plan, or TRASOP. Under a law passed by Congress in 1975, a company can get an extra tax credit of up to 1% of its investment in new plant and equipment if it distributes that tax saving to employees in the form of company stock. The value of TRASOP to employees is lessened by the fact that they get the shares only when they leave the company. While this and other new departures in pay are engaging enough, most earners would probably agree with Daniel Lesh, manager of compensation at Honeywell Inc. Says he: "With today's rapid rate of inflation, employees need money, not benefits. You have to put rewards in cash."

High Cost of Being Made "Whole"

How big a raise would a worker have to get to keep up with inflation after federal, state and city income taxes take their bite? Certainly price rises and tax rates vary from one part of the country to another; but the following figures, prepared by the Ernst & Whinney accounting firm, show how big a boost three families, each consisting of four people and living in New York City, must be given to keep them even with the national inflation rate of 13%. In all three cases, both spouses are assumed to be working, each earning half the family income.

Current gross income	\$15,000	\$30,000	\$60,000
Raise needed to increase after-tax income by 13%	2,418	5,830	11,516
Percentage increase	16.12%	19.43%	19.19%

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It's ironic, isn't it? In the richest nation on earth, the people best equipped to handle runaway kids are pimps.

It really doesn't have to be that way.

We think these castoff kids deserve a better deal.

We think it's time to take the responsibility for their futures out of the hands of the pimps, and put it where it belongs.

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enough to give them a second chance.

People like yourself.

With your help, we can make a difference. Through REFUGE. A non-profit program to help communities cope with the growing problem of juvenile prostitution and pornography. REFUGE is based on a simple idea.

Every community has at hand right now the resources to help runaway children. Through REFUGE, these

resources can be integrated into a network of critically needed services that will start these kids back toward useful lives.

What it requires is education. Citizen involvement. Grass-roots organizing. And coordination of existing facilities.

Given enough support, we can beat the pimps on their own turf. With street-work counselors. Crisis housing. Professional guidance. Medical and psychiatric care.

The point is to reach these kids before they fall prey to the pimps. Advocate for their rights. And get existing institutions to take an interest.

There's lots more information we want you to have. Information on how we can help get a project going in your community.

We also need your financial support.

Five or ten bucks won't make much difference in your life. But it can make a big difference in the life of some runaway kid.

Mail your tax-deductible contribution to REFUGE, 1901 N. Moore St., Arlington, Virginia 22209.

Do it now. Please. You'll be giving us a weapon no pimp will ever have on his side.

Simple human decency.

REFUGE *The National Office for Social Responsibility.*

Books

The Mid-Life Surge of McGee

THE GREEN RIPPER by John D. MacDonald; Lippincott; 221 pages; \$9.95

Locked inside a beige file cabinet in Sarasota, Fla., is an unfinished manuscript entitled *A Black Border for McGee*. May it never be published. The book, as its name suggests, would write finis to Travis McGee, the perdurable, persnickety shamus whose demise, white-haired Author John Dann MacDonald once vowed, would occur after his tenth color-coded* starring role. "I keep the MS," says the author, "as leverage on my publisher." The latest McGee, *The Green Ripper*, is the 18th in the Travis saga, and the best.

Everyone knows McGee's address, if not his destination. He is usually to be found at Slip F-18, Bahia Mar, Fort Lauderdale, aboard *The Busted Flush*, the old tub he won in a poker game with "four pink ones up and a stranger down." Travis calls himself a "salvage consultant," but his real business is not in maritime wreckage but rescuing lost souls and money. In recent years, starting with *The Dreadful Lemon Sky* (No. 16, 1975), McGee has had troubles of his own. He has become increasingly morose, and the cases he handled were no real challenge. In the middle of the journey the Big Mac was "embedded in a life I had in some curious way outgrown. I was an artifact, genus boat bum, a pale-eyed, shambling, gangling, knuckly man, without enough unscarred hide left to make a decent lampshade. Watchful appraiser of the sandy-rumped beach ladies. Creaking knight errant, yawning at the thought of the next dragon." John MacDonald acknowledges that his hero "could not have gone on in that vein without boring me. I had to shake him up." In *Green*, Travis gets rocked, socked and knocked from boots to brains.

Indeed, for most of the book, McGee seems headed straight from *Green* to *Black*. A hardhearted trifler by inclination, Trav has fallen deeply in love this time around. Then Gretel, his live-aboard mate, dies a hot and horrible death, the victim of an inexplicable assassination. Desperate and half demented, McGee writes a note leaving all—*The Busted Flush* and Miss Agnes, the elderly "hand-hewn" Rolls-Royce pickup truck—to his old pal and counselor, Meyer, a famed economist who inhabits

Excerpt

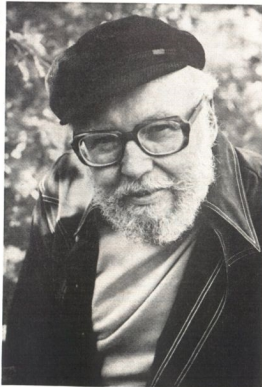
"They said we would stay overnight in San Francisco, so I could rest up a little, and fly out in the morning. I said that would be nice. They said maybe the money problem could be resolved in my favor. Like a kind of unofficial reward. Like, maybe, a bounty. I said that would be nice. I looked out the car window at the tall evergreens and wondered why all the birds had left this part of the world. Jake turned the wipers on, smearing the small sad rain. I think they were glad to stop trying to relate to me. They felt uneasy about me, about being close to me in a small car. I think they felt not exactly certain of what I might do next. And I knew they would not have felt better about it if I had told them I didn't have the faintest notion, either, of what I might do next, today, tomorrow, or ever."

the next-door houseboat, *John Maynard Keynes*. The salvager plucks his life savings of \$9,300 from a cache and becomes Tom McGraw, a retired fisherman. Following a ritual clue Gretel had given him a few days before dying, he heads for northern California, in search of a fictitious missing daughter who has supposedly disappeared in the maelstrom of a fanatical religious commune. Its remaining inhabitants, when he finds them, are no Moonies. Armed to the bicepspids and as pious as piranhas, the communards turn out to be dedicated members of an international conspiracy to overthrow the capitalist-imperialist world.

McGee-McGraw stumbles into the camp and is immediately captured. After being forced to murder one of the terrorist group, he is tentatively accepted by the crazies, nine distinctly characterized men and women who have come to mania from all over the map. After a harrowing indoctrination, "Dads," as the kids call him, finds out that they have blown his cover. He has no choice but to blast his way out, killing all his captors—and nearly blowing his mind. It is the most intense and savage narrative that MacDonald has ever written. As for McGee, he recovers in time quite nicely in the arms of an old flame, en route home to Miss Agnes and *The Busted Flush*.

No plot summary can so easily capture the real McGee. One of the most complex long-run characters in American fiction, he is moody, sensuous, suspicious, quixotic, cynical, compassionate—and funny. He has achieved independence from "plastic credit cards, payroll deductions, insurance programs, retirement benefits, Green Stamps, time clocks, newspapers, mortgages, sermons, miracle fabrics, deodorants, checklists, time payments, political parties, lending libraries, television, actresses, Junior Chambers of Commerce, pageants, progress and manifest destiny." Hence his license to purge inquiry. Unlike most of his fictional colleagues, the creaky crusader visibly ages. "He grows older at about one-third the natural rate," says MacDonald, who hovers above 60. "Otherwise, I could be senile before I'd finished with him." Trav is now about 45.

There are two more McGees in the works on the author's blue IBM Selectric, which he totes between a house in Florida and a summer fishing camp on a lake in New York's Adirondacks. MacDonald's wife, Dorothy Prentiss, is an artist. He has long since shed any resentment against the other MacDonald, that more critically esteemed thriller writer whose real name is not



John D. MacDonald in a green Adirondacks setting
For a durable shamus, many miles and colors to go.

*Every McGee novel, from the first, *The Deep Blue Goodbye* (1964), has had a hue in its title. MacDonald explains that this is a mnemonic device to help readers avoid buying the same book twice, an all too familiar experience for thriller addicts.



Photo by Grant Edwards

"THESE FILES ARE FULL OF CHILDREN CRYING OUT FOR YOUR HELP."

"In a room at Christian Children's Fund headquarters, there are file cabinets that look like any other file cabinets. Until you look inside. These files are full of children. Children with no one to care for them.

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Books

John Ross Macdonald at all but Kenneth Millar. ("At least," allows John D., "the guy is literate, even if he does keep hitting the same barrel.") The real MacDonal is a graduate of Syracuse University, the Harvard School of Business Administration and the OSS in World War II. When embedded in McGeish boredom in Burma he wrote his first short story. After a few disastrous jobs in the Manhattan jungle, the apprentice author became a penny-a-liner for the pulps; since then he has banged out 70 novels and some 600 short stories. He calls his tales "why-did-its," not whodunits, and likes to think of them as "folk dances." Since most of his books have been published in paperback, he has thus far escaped serious critical attention in the U.S. A pity. MacDonal is one of the few crime writers since Arthur Conan Doyle to rate a regular newsletter for fans *UDM Bibliophile* is published twice yearly at the University of Southern Florida; he is also one of the American authors to have won France's coveted Grand Prix de Littérature Policière. But critics and scholars have lots of time to catch up. MacDonal's mind still brims with mayhem for McGee. And there are lots of colors to go. "Let's see," says John D., sitting down to work. "There's ocher, ultramarine, peach, beige, cherry, white ... and black."

—Michael Demarest

"Kill! Kill! Kill!"

ZEBRA

by Clark Howard
Marek; 405 pages; \$11.95

Urban killing is as old as cities; today, the accounts of street crime have grown so familiar that death has lost its sting. In a book that should prove this year's *Helter Skelter*, Crime Writer Clark Howard restores to this now routine event a primal horror. His pounding narrative meticulously describes the so-called Zebra killings of 1973-74, when 23 white San Franciscans were murdered or maimed by a group of Black Muslim extremists. In the retelling, the cold jargon of police files leaps starkly to life.

It is not only the murders that make this narrative so gripping, but Howard's exploration of the group mind behind them. There are risks involved in attempting to re-create actual conversations and inner musings in the now fashionable style of the nonfiction novel. But the author's dialogue has the shrill, soul-chilling sound of truth. The killers are followed step by bloody step from the time of their initiation into the cult, which preached a fanatical hatred of whites based less on actual injustice than on a mystic prediction of black world dominance. All the young men are impressionable, violence-prone, and this particular Muslimism appeals to their worst instincts. Three are trained in the precincts of San Quentin, where they

Books



"Zebra" victim in San Francisco (1974)

Cold Jargon leaping starkly to life.

listen to cassettes urging the destruction of whites and learn how to kill with a single blow to the larynx, chest or neck. Since all these activities come under the heading of "religion," prison authorities are prevented from interfering.

Upon their release, the trio are invited to a meeting in a warehouse loft. There an itinerant upper-echelon Muslim urges them to start executing whites in order to achieve the elevated status of Death Angel, a role that confers a kind of perverse respectability. Each of the neophytes must kill nine men, five women or four children. Murdering the young earns more points because the act requires more "heart." On the eve of the killing spree the loft becomes a staging arena for a combination of horseplay and unfocused hatred: "Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill!" The chant was low, murmured, sloshing across the room like dirty water in a flooded basement. It came from mechanized mouths below mesmerized eyes, robotlike, hypnotic, uncontrollable."



Manuel Moore



J.C. Simon



Larry Green



Jesse Cooks

The new recruits, whose desolate backgrounds may have deprived them of a childhood, begin playing their lethal game. Victims are selected at random: women, children and frail men who cannot fight back. The murderers shoot or stab from behind, often leaving their victims in agony. They chortle over each attack, showing remorse only when they fail to kill. Then their eyes fill with tears. The more blood they shed, the more they seem to crave. One youth is picked up on the street, taken back to the loft and butchered piece by piece. The remains are trussed up like a frozen turkey and thrown into the sea. Their new-found religion forbids the recruits to rob or rape their victims, but that scarcely deters them. One of them removes a blood-specked ring from a woman he has hacked to death and gives it to a friend for his new bride.

The city is soon immobilized with fear; the police are frustrated. They cannot conduct a legal surveillance of the mosque because it is constitutionally out of bounds. While they find it impossible to infiltrate the sect, the Muslims have no difficulty placing members in the police department. In exasperation, an enterprising homicide detective, Gus Coreris, violates departmental rules by producing sketches of the killers from his own imagination. One of them resembles a real killer, who is thrown into such a panic that he considers informing on the others. Then the police launch Operation Zebra: stopping and searching black youths who bear any likeness to the sketches. Overreacting to a desperate effort to deal with a genuine menace, the American Civil Liberties Union and various black groups indignantly denounce the police action as racist. In response to a lawsuit, Operation Zebra is declared unconstitutional, but under increasing pressure, the worried informer turns himself in.

On the basis of his testimony, as well as that of surviving victims, four killers—Jesse Cooks, Larry Green, Manuel Moore, J.C. Simon—are sentenced to life imprisonment, though Howard states that other Death Angels have murdered an estimated 270 white men, women and children in California and few have been apprehended. The four prisoners have subsequently shown no sign of repentance and in prison they have been troublemakers. Yet they are up for parole in 1981.

Howard is clearly unhappy with that possibility. For the true villain of his book is a criminal-justice system that fails to protect society from its marauders. There is, however, another villain in *Zebra*—one that Howard somewhat slights. In concentrating on the crimes, hideous as they are, he does not really grapple with the social ecology that may drive ill-educated, rootless men to acts of such brutality. Still, Howard's pronouncement echoes like a scream on a dark street: "California [has] a bad habit of letting its convicted killers out to kill again."

— Edwin Warner



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Books



J.P. Donleavy on his Irish estate

Forlorn Comedy

SCHULTZ

by J.P. Donleavy
Delacorte; 407 pages; \$10.95

The ginger coming from J.P. Donleavy's comedy about the time he got himself an Irish country squire's suit to wear for dust-jacket photographs several books ago. The ratty, malicious humor of *The Ginger Man* (1965) was unmistakably the effort of an authentic writer. Donleavy's recent works seem to be the chores of an author, necessary productions for the furtherance of a literary personage. Donleavy may not actually have dictated his new book while riding in the back of a rented Rolls, but the impression given by Schultz, a farce about an American theatrical impresario attempting to stay afloat in London, is of a novelist who believes that neither his subject nor his reader deserves close attention.

Sigmund Franz Schultz, formerly of Woonsocket, R.I., is the theater man, teamed with a couple of aristocratic young backers, one named Binky and the other called Lord Nectarine of Walham Green. Their firm is called Sperm Productions, and the show that he is trying to produce is called *Kiss It, Don't Hold It, It's Too Hot*. The funny names suggest that we are in P.G. Wodehouse country. So does the buckety-buckety pace of the book, as Schultz careers from misfortune to disaster in his efforts to produce what is evidently going to be his fourth straight flop.

Yet Wodehouse's absurd caricatures always made sense in their own addle-pated terms, and underlying each of the master's farces was the coherent comic statement that blithering idiocy was the finest bulwark of the Empire. Donleavy's figures are too slackly drawn to be believable as caricatures and the only statement made by the novel is not comic but forlorn: the author has nothing to say. He seems to have few thoughts about

the theater and none about London, or about an aristocracy that refuses to notice that it has been extinct since 1914. Schultz has the sexual attitudes of Sebastian Dangerfield, the Ginger Man, which is to say that he loves sex but resents the fact that heterosexuality drives him to the company of women to get it. And Schultz is dazzled by wealth and privilege, just as wealth and privilege are made giddy by his own crude energy. But Donleavy seems not to have asked himself how he feels about these matters, and the disappointing result of this lack of viewpoint is a comedy that is mostly mere commotion. — **John Skow**

Editors' Choice

FICTION: Cannibals and Missionaries, *Mary McCarthy* • Collected Stories, *Paul Bowles* • Endless Love, *Scott Spencer* • Letters, *John Barth* • McKay's Boes, *Thomas McMahon* • Sophie's Choice, *William Styron* • The Ghost Writer, *Philip Roth*

NONFICTION: African Calliope, *Edward Hoagland* • Onward and Upward in the Garden, *Katharine S. White* • The Duke of Deception, *Geoffrey Wolff* • The Intricate Music, *Thomas Kiernan* • The Medusa and the Snail, *Lewis Thomas* • The Right Stuff, *Tom Wolfe* • The White Album, *Joan Didion*

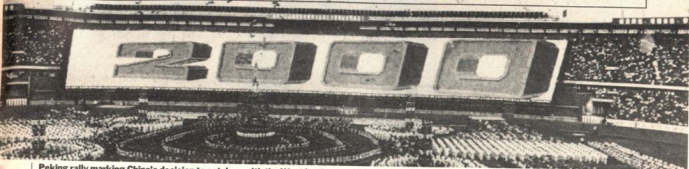
Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Jailbird, *Vonnegut* (10)
2. The Last Enchantment, *Stewart* (2)
3. Sophie's Choice, *Styron* (1)
4. The Dead Zone, *King* (3)
5. Triple, *Follett* (5)
6. The Matarese Circle, *Ludlum* (4)
7. The Third World War, *Hackett*, et al. (9)
8. Class Reunion, *Jaffe* (6)
9. There's No Such Place as Far Away, *Bach*
10. War and Remembrance, *Wouk* (8)

NONFICTION

1. The Complete Scarsdale Medical Diet, *Tarnower & Baker* (1)
2. Restoring the American Dream, *Ringer* (2)
3. How to Prosper During the Coming Bad Years, *Ruff* (5)
4. The Pritikin Program for Diet and Exercise, *Pritikin* with *McGrady* (3)
5. Cruel Shoes, *Martin* (4)
6. How to Become Financially Independent by Investing in Real Estate, *Lowy*
7. Broca's Brain, *Sagan* (6)
8. The White Album, *Didion* (10)
9. Energy Future, edited by *Stobaugh & Yergin* (7)
10. Quest for the Best, *Marcus* (9)



Peking rally marking China's decision to catch up with the West by the end of the century in key areas of modern life

QUEVILLE—SYGMA

A New Long March for China

Mobilizing to try to catch up in science and technology

They were the world's first masters of science. Long before the Europeans, they knew how to use the compass, make paper and gunpowder, print with movable type, build canal locks and segmented arch bridges. Now, after centuries of languishing behind the West, the Chinese are once again aspiring to leadership in science and technology. By the year 2000, China hopes to catch up with the U.S., Europe and Japan and in some areas even to exceed them.

Peking is calling this ambitious national goal a New Long March, an echo of the 6,000-mile trek in the 1930s by Mao and his troops that eventually led to the takeover of China. To check on the progress toward this goal, TIME Science Editor Frederic Golden last month visited Chinese research centers, universities, hospitals, factories and communes on a 15-day, five-city tour with the first delegation of American science journalists to the People's Republic. His report:

It was called the Cultural Revolution, but the decade-long upheaval that ended in 1976 with Mao Tse-tung's death was a time of sorrow and hardship for China's scholars. Roughneck Red Guards took over classroom and campus; universities were shut down. Academic standards sank to scandalously low levels. Eminent teachers and scientists were sent off to the countryside for "re-education," to work as farm hands and laborers. Science came virtually to a standstill.

Now the nightmare is finally over. Universities have reopened. New research institutions are being established. Learning has become respectable again, especially the study of scientific subjects. Indeed, science and technology may be the most important pillar of Peking's so-called Four Modernizations; the others are industry, agriculture, and defense. Under this great national enterprise, comparable perhaps to the building of the Great Wall or to the U.S. moon program, China expects to have 800,000 scientists and engineers by 1985, more than double

the present number. Says Vice Premier Fang Yi, the shrewd bureaucrat who is China's minister of science: "It is not a loss of face to admit that China is backward compared with the West and Japan. But we are determined to close the gap."

One sign of that determination is China's present love affair with science. It is the leading subject in schools; under Chairman Hua Guofeng's "six ones program" schoolchildren read at least one science book, tell one science story, do one experiment, explain one natural phenomenon and prophesy one scientific advance. Scientific goals and triumphs are heralded on wall posters, and popular science magazines are flourishing, extolling every contemporary marvel.

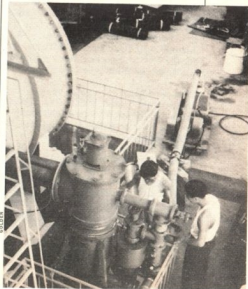
Shedding the xenophobia that raged during the Cultural Revolution, Peking is looking to the non-Communist world for the scientific know-how once provided by the U.S.S.R. American oilmen are aiding in a search for petroleum off the South China coast. The Chinese are talking of enlisting U.S. experts for tapping the energy resources of great rivers like the Yangtze (at present China uses only 2% of its hydroelectric potential). Peking also wants to make direct purchases, especially of computer hardware.

How will China pay for these expensive wares? One high-ranking economist dangled before the visitors the still largely untouched prospects in China's good earth. Besides oil and coal, China's natural wealth includes iron, manganese, tungsten, antimony, tin, copper, lead, zinc, mercury, molybdenum and aluminum. Said he: "Remember, it takes four or five tons of titanium to make a single Boeing 747, and we are also rich in it."

For the moment though, the Chinese seem especially interested in American brainpower. At almost every stop on the tour—at a seismological observatory outside Peking, at an electronics plant in Changzhou (Changchow), at hospitals in Shanghai, in scenic Hangzhou (Hang-



Aquaculturists; below, gravity-wave detector



Science

chow) and at fisheries near Canton—were told of leading American scientists who had already been there.

The Chinese are obviously eager to learn from their new American friends. Host scientists urged the visiting journalists to make critical comments about their efforts. But, as one explained, "We cannot use all your advanced ideas and techniques. We must adapt them to Chinese skills and economic conditions."

This blend of new and old was apparent at the Pearl River Fisheries Research Institute, where we saw mammoth carp that had been raised from tiny fry in the center's ponds. One innovation: the use of female hormones to encourage spawning. But the biologists there also adhered to the Maoist maxim to "change wastes into treasures and turn harmful into beneficial." They feed the fish animal and even human wastes (after fermentation to kill fecal parasites). Elsewhere, the Chinese are introducing "digesters" (small tanks) that convert biological wastes into methane gas, which in turn powers electrical generators and can be used for cooking. The residue is returned to the soil as a fertilizer.

The Chinese have also turned en masse to advanced technology. They are struggling to improve their electronics industry, and are producing computers of the 1960s type. At the Shanghai Institute of Metallurgy we saw several impressive "clean rooms" under construction for the fabrication of "chips" containing the microscopic circuitry that is the brain of the modern computer. Some of these chips are being manufactured with new electron-beam techniques. Scientists are also experimenting with lasers. One intriguing project: a six-beam experimental laser device to produce power from thermonuclear fusion. Blessed with an abundance



Peking's Science Chief Fang Yi

Not a matter of fate.

of the elements called rare earths, the Chinese are also becoming increasingly skilled at extracting them and putting them to work in many ways, for example, as catalysts in petroleum refining. The visiting American specialists found one area where the U.S. could learn from the Chinese: the production of oil from shale.

The Chinese are also exploring more esoteric realms. In Peking American-educated veterans of China's nuclear weapons program told of their plans to build by the mid-1980s a 50 billion-electron-volt accelerator for research in particle physics. Scientists are building two gravity-wave detectors, one in Peking, the other at Canton's Sun Yat-sen University. By measuring tiny distortions in large aluminum cylinders—deflections that may be caused by cataclysmic events in the heavens—they hope to achieve a goal whose proof has so far eluded Western scientists: unambiguously detecting the gravitational waves forecast by Einstein's general theory of relativity. Why is a nation still struggling to meet basic needs invest-

ing precious yuans and talent in such far-out endeavors? Explained Fang Yi: "We consider basic research fundamental to all scientific progress."

Fang Yi and his colleagues have set difficult goals for a country that still relies heavily on human sweat. In the cities, women sweep the streets with brooms they make out of straw. In the countryside, road crews work with pick and shovel; when steamrollers are available, they are usually fuming, coal-burning monsters. Despite the vaunted Chinese emphasis on the dignity of the masses, produce is still conveyed by pedal-powered carts carrying burdens several times heavier than their human engines.

Where China has industrialized, it has been at a price. Peking and other cities reek from the effusion of belching smokestacks. Water pollution is so serious a problem that no one drinks unboiled water. Doctors report increases in the rates of cardiovascular and lung diseases, as well as cancer, all of which may have some environmental origin.

Yet for all the backwardness, China has been drastically reshaped since the Communists took over 30 years ago. No longer do people starve by the millions or die of such blights as smallpox, syphilis or malaria. Medical care is available to everyone, and by a combination of propaganda, pay supplements, and free birth-control devices, China seems to be making some headway in its efforts to halt its ruinous population growth, by limiting couples to only two children.

So despite the tremendous odds, the Chinese may yet succeed in closing the gap. As Chairman Hua told his nation's technocrats last year, "Facts past and present show that we Chinese too have a head and two hands and are no stupider than other people."

Milestones

MARRIED. Martin Scorsese, 36, American film director (*Taxi Driver*, *Mean Streets*); and Italian Actress-Journalist **Isabella Rossellini**, 27, daughter of Screen Star Ingrid Bergman and the late director Roberto Rossellini; he for the third time, she for the first; in Bracciano, Italy, with Actor Robert De Niro as best man.

DIED. Armi Ratia, 67, Finnish designer and the dynamo behind Marimekko, the internationally known fabric and fashion house; after a long illness; in Helsinki. In 1949 Ratia quit her advertising job to write a novel and help salvage her husband's threadbare oilcloth company. The novel never was written, but the firm with Ratia as president took shape in 1951 as Marimekko (translation: a little dress for Mary). Ratia's bold-hued, clear-colored prints and the functional clothes she cut from them became Finland's hottest export since the sauna.

DIED. Roger K. Fawcett, 69, president of Fawcett Publications; of cancer; in New York City. The Minnesota-born Fawcett succeeded his father as chief executive officer of the firm, which publishes magazines (*Woman's Day*, *Mechanix Illustrated*), paperbacks with the Crest, Gold Medal and Popular Library imprints and Charles Schulz' *Peanuts* books. Fawcett sold the family-owned company to CBS in 1977 for \$50 million.

DIED. Yaeko Mizutani, 74, *grande dame* of the Japanese stage for a quarter of a century; of cancer; in Tokyo. A breathtaking beauty, Mizutani made her stage debut at eight and became the national sweetheart, playing romantic roles in plays by Tolstoy, Shakespeare and Ibsen. In 1928 she joined Japan's renowned Shimpa theater company, and later proved her acting talents in films and on television.

DIED. Roy Harris, 81, prolific composer often called "the Walt Whitman of American music"; after several strokes; in Santa Monica, Calif. The big, rawboned musical pioneer was born in a log cabin, perhaps appropriately, on Lincoln's birthday in Lincoln County, Okla. In the late 1920s he studied classical composition under Nadia Boulanger in Paris. But his vigorous rhythms and clean melodic lines were more reflective of the open spaces and the expansive optimism of his native land than of Europe. "America," he said, "is the richest, strongest, best fed of countries. Why should our composers produce fussy little bits of emaciated music based on secondhand European prototypes?" He wrote 16 symphonies and 185 other major works, many of them for his pianist wife, Johana. His *Symphony: 1933* was the first American symphony ever recorded; the Harris *Third* (1937) is now a repertory staple.

"Just a few minor revisions"

*What about
February?
Should be SG*

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NO EXCEPTIONS!!

EXE TOO PERMISSIVE NEEDS REQUEST

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I like "remainder" better H.G.S.

Change to "At least opportunity"

Should be "March Prefers" refused J.L.T.

P.B. See No About This!! J.A.D.

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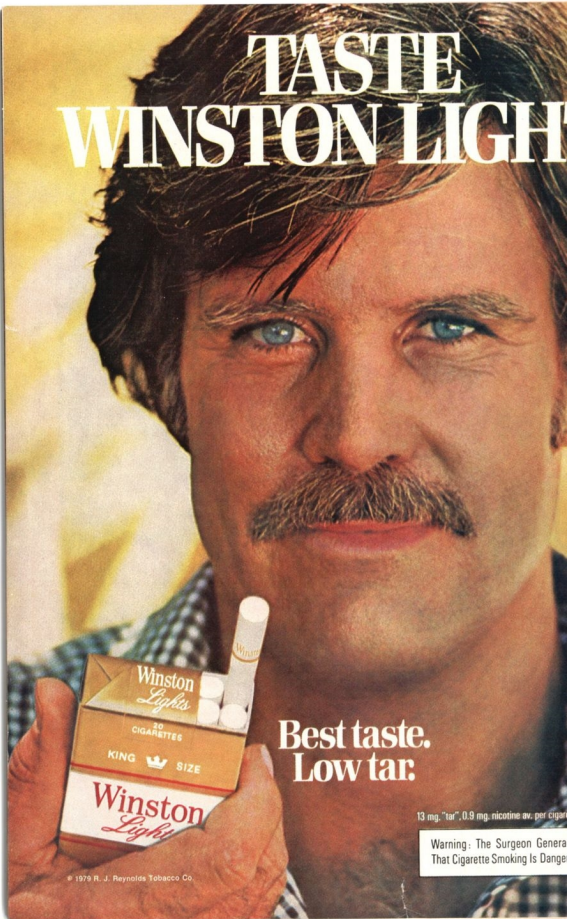
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